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**THE NEW GRANT WHITE
SHAKESPEARE**

VOLUME XI

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JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE AS CORIOLANUS

From the painting by Sir Thos. Lawrence

CORIOLANUS, Act IV, Sc. v

THE NEW GRANT WHITE SHAKESPEARE

THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
TRAGEDIES, AND POEMS OF

William Shakespeare

WITH MEMOIR, INTRODUCTIONS, AND
NOTES BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE

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THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

In Eighteen Volumes

VOLUME ELEVEN

CORIOLANUS
TITUS ANDRONICUS

BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1912

17497.40



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CORIOLANUS

CORIOLANUS

The Tragedy of Coriolanus occupies thirty pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 1 to p. 30 inclusive, in the division of tragedies; a new pagination commencing with this drama [*Troilus and Cressida* being, however, subsequently placed before it]. It is there divided into Acts, but not into Scenes, and is without a list of Dramatis Personæ. Rowe supplied both deficiencies.

CORIOLANUS

INTRODUCTION

AS the *Chronicles of Hall* and *Holinshed* were the great storehouses whence Shakespeare drew the materials for his English Historical Dramas, so Plutarch's *Lives* (in North's translation from the French version of Amyot) furnished him with the characters and the incidents which he worked into his Roman Tragedies. He found the story of *Coriolanus* in North's *Plutarch*¹ [and may have become acquainted with it before from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*]; and he followed it closely, even to the occasional adoption of its very language.² The tragedy presents but one noteworthy deviation from Plutarch's story; and that one is trifling. It is in the conduct of *Coriolanus* immediately after his entrance into the house of *Aufidius* (IV. v.). Plutarch shows him enduring the [silent wonder] of the attendants in grand and mute disdain. Shakespeare [introduces a give and take of questions and answers]; and Plutarch's golden silence pales even Shakespeare's speech to silver.³

This play first appeared in the folio of 1623; and as no mention of it at an earlier date is known, and it is without allusions to contemporary matters, the period of its production cannot be determined with any approach to accuracy.

¹ There were editions in 1579, 1595, 1603, and 1612. It is not likely that Shakespeare used the one last enumerated, though this was suggested by Halliwell-Phillipps. See Ward, *English Dramatic Literature* (1899), II. 188. (n)

² Cf. IV. v. 79-107, V. iii. 94-193, with the corresponding passages in North's *Plutarch*.

³ It seems not unlikely that the apologue of *Menenius* (I. i. 95-145) may have owed something to the same story as it is told in Camden's *Remains* of 1605. (n)

Its style, however, clearly shows that it is the fruit of Shakespeare's [mature] years. . . . [Metrical characteristics and slight internal evidence, as well as its subject-matter, both Roman yet in the nature of perfect contrasts, indicate that it should be assigned to "about the same period as *Antony and Cleopatra*, probably in 1609." Judging from the point of view of its single and sustained dramatic interest, Sidney Lee compares it with *Othello*.]

Coriolanus is the worst printed play in the whole first folio. Every page of it is spotted with corruption . . . some of the confusion must be abandoned as hopeless.

The period of the action is about B. C. 460. The remains of ancient art teem with authorities for the costume, to which in the Roman plays the stage should adhere strictly.¹

¹ There is a play on the same theme by Calderon. In 1682 Nahum Tate, who had previously altered *Richard II.* and *King Lear*, altered *Coriolanus* into *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*, acted at the Theatre Royal. In 1749 a posthumous tragedy of *Coriolanus*, by James Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, was acted at Covent Garden, with Quin in the chief part. (a)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINTIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*
A Roman Herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Aediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

The
Tragedy of Coriolanus

A C T O N E.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

FIRST CITIZEN. Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. Away, away!

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patriots, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an

18 good, i. e. men of property, 20 object, sight. (a)
good for their debts. (a)

inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

30

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to th' Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft! who comes here?

²¹⁻² *sufferance*, suffering. (n)

²² *pikes*. Rolfe says, "There seems to be a play on the word, which meant a pitchfork as well as a spear." (n)

²³ *good report*, credit. (n)

²⁴ *virtue*, valour. (n)

⁴⁴⁻⁵ *repetition*, recital. (n)

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath ^{so} always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He 's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Menenius. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to th' Senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we 'll shew 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too. 60

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman State; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever 70 Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,

⁶⁶ This and the remaining replies to *Menenius* on the part of the Citizens in this Scene in the prefix "2 Cit." in the incorrectly printed folio. But the *Second Citizen* is plainly a friend of *Coriolanus* and an admirer of *Menenius*; [Capell] therefore rightly assigned these speeches

to the *First Citizen*. [He also assigned ll. 25-6 to the *First Citizen* and l. 34 to the *Second Citizen* instead of to *all the citizens*.]

⁷¹ *impediment*, generally explained as "obstacles opposed by you," but "opposition" seems simpler and sufficiently clear.

(a)

The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack !
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you ; and you slander
 The helms o' th' State, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us ? — True, indeed ! — They ne'er
 car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
 houses cramm'd with grain ; make edicts for usury, to 80
 support usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act estab-
 lished against the rich, and provide more piercing stat-
 utes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the
 wars eat us not up, they will ; and there 's all the love
 they bear us.

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale : it may be, you have heard it ;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture 90
 To stale 't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I 'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think
 to fob off our disgrace with a tale ; but, an 't please
 you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's
 members
 Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it : —
 That only like a gulf it did remain
 I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,

⁸¹ *stale* 't. The folio, *soale* 't. The [generally adopted] correction is Theobald's. Cf. "I 'll not stale the jest by my relation," Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, IV. ii. The old fable that *Menonius* recounts is put into his

mouth by Plutarch, and the language of the play is very nearly that of North's translation. See p. 240, ed. 1579.

⁸² *fob off*, put off, trick. (n)

⁸⁷ *gulf*, whirlpool. (n)

Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instru-
ments

100

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd —

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
To th' discontented members, the mutinous parts

110

That envied his receipt: even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they —

Men. What then? —
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what
then?

¹⁰⁰ *whore*, whereas. (a)

¹⁰² *participates*, participating. (a)

(a) ¹⁰³ *affection*, inclination. Cf. L. 176. (a)

¹⁰⁷ *lungs*, then regarded as the seat of laughter. (a)

¹⁰⁸ *the belly smile*. So in North's *Plutarch*: "And so the bellie, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their follie, . . ." p. 240. (w)

¹⁰⁰ *tauntingly*. The folio misprints *taintingly* [i. e. indictingly]. (w)

¹¹¹ *his receipt*, i. e. what he received. (a)

¹¹⁵ *counsellor*, dissyllabic; *soldier*, trisyllabic. (a)

¹¹⁷ *muniments*, defences or defenders. (a)

¹¹⁹ *'Fore me*, an oath. (a)

1 *Cit.* — Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, 120

Who is the sink o' th' body, —

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* — The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* Y' are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd : “True is it, my incorporate friends,” quoth he, “That I receive the general food at first, 130 Which you do live upon ; and fit it is, Because I am the store-house and the shop Of the whole body : but if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain ; And through the cranks and offices of man, The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins, From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live. And though that all at once, You, my good friends,” — this says the belly, mark me, —

140

¹²² *store-house and the shop.* “Shop” means properly a place where fabrics are made, or work is done. It is now often misused to mean a store — a confusion avoided in Elizabethan usage. Here the stomach is represented as both the storehouse of the

body — “still cupboarding the viand” — and its shop — “sending it through the rivers of the blood.”

¹²⁶ *cranks,* winding passages.

(n) ¹²⁷ *nerves,* sinews — as often.

(n)

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. “ Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.” What say you to 't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : for examine
Their counsels, and their cares, digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' th' common, you shall find, 150
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly ? —

1 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ; 160
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle :
The one side must have bale. —

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius !

Marcius. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dis-
sentious rogues,

¹⁶⁰ *digest.* The folio, *digest*, an obsolete form which White remembered to have heard in his boyhood from very old people in New England. (n)

¹⁶⁴ *assembly*, pronounced as four syllables. (n)
¹⁶⁶ *rascal*, deer unfit for hunting. (n)
¹⁶² *bale*, ruin, calamity.

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.*

We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye will flatter
Beneath abhorring.— What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; 170
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
ye? 180

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
say,
The city is well stor'd.

¹⁸⁸ *ye.* The original has *thee*, a misprint due to the mistaking of "ye" for "y," as Dyce has remarked. [But it is retained by recent editors.]

¹⁷⁴ *make . . . worthy*, cry up.

(n)

¹⁷⁵ *that justice did it*, i. e. that justice which sentenced him. (n)

Mar. Hang 'em ! They say !
 They 'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
 What 's done i' th' Capitol ; who 's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines ; side factions, and give
 out

Conjectural marriages ; making parties strong,
 And feebly such as stand not in their liking
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there 's grain
 enough ?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded ; 200
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop ?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em !
 They said they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs, —

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
 That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent
 not

Corn for the rich men only : — with these shreds
 They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity, 210
 And make bold power look pale) they threw their
 caps

¹⁹² *side*, i. e. take sides in. (R)
¹⁹⁷ *quarry*, remains after slaughter either in fight or the chase. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 375, and *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 206.

¹⁹⁹ *pick*, pitch. (R)

²⁰⁰ *all most*. The folio prints *almost* [which is retained by Cambridge]. (W)

²¹⁰ *generosity*, i. e. aristocracy, those who are *generosi*.

As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice : one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath !
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange. 220

Mar. Go ; get you home, you fragment !

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Messenger. Where 's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here. What 's the matter ?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't : then, we shall have means to
vent

Our musty superfluity. — See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators ;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Senator. Marcius, 't is true, that you have lately
told us ;

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

²¹⁸ *Shouting.* Folios, *Shooting.* Pope's correction. (n) *emula-*
tion, not so much "envy" as
"malicious defiance and joy at
their success." (n)

²¹⁷ *unroof'd* [Theobald's read-
ing]. The folio, *unroo'ft*.

²¹⁹ *upon power.* Should we not
read *open power*? The rhythm
and the sense of the passage com-
mend it.

²²⁰ *that*, a pronoun, not a con-
junction. *told*, may mean "fore-
told." (n)

I sin in envying his nobility ;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

230

Cominius. You have fought together.
Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and
he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy *Marcus*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant. — *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus' face*.
What ! art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Titus. No, *Caius Marcus* ; 240
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !
1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol ; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :
Follow, *Cominius* ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble *Marcus* !
1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes ! be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow.

²⁴⁰ *stiff*? Some take this to refer to physical condition, cf. I. 241 ; others to mental condition, i. e. his obstinacy, cf. *stand'st* *out*, though this may mean merely, "are you going to leave us in the lurch?" (a)

The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow. 250

[*Exeunt* Senators, Com., Mar., Tr., and
MENEN. Citizens *steal away*.]

Sicinius. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Brutus. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, despairs the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded 260
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he suns,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,

²⁵⁵ *gird*, taunt, jeer at.

²⁵⁶ *to be*, of being. (n.)

²⁵⁷ *The present wars devour him!* This can scarcely be a mere statement of a fact. (n.)

²⁵⁸ *censure*, public opinion. Cf. *Opinion*, l. 270. (n.)

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Come :

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic.

Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Coriolani. The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Aufidius. Is it not yours ?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'T is not four days gone,
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think,
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is : [Reads.
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known

²⁷⁰ sticks on, is set on. (n)

²⁷¹ demerits. Shakespeare and his contemporaries frequently used "demerit" as synonymous with "merit" [or desert]. (w)

²⁷² more than his singularity, i. e. more than might be expected from his temperament. (n)

² in, into. (n)

⁴ What, i. e. what counsels.

(n) on. The folio has one. See the Note on "my gloves are on," *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. i. 1. [The last two folios, on.] (w)

⁶ circumvention, ability to circumvent. (n)

⁹ press'd a power, raised an army. (n)

Whether for East or West. The dearth is great ; 10
 The people mutinous ; and it is rumour'd,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 't is bent : most likely, 't is for you.
 Consider of it."

1 *Sen.* Our army 's in the field.
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
 To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20
 They needs must shew themselves ; which in the
 hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
 To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission ; hie you to your bands.
 Let us alone to guard Corioli :
 If they set down before 's, for the remove
 Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
 They 've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ; 30
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more ;
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

²⁴ *takes in*, subdue.

²⁵ *the remove*, raising the siege.

²⁷ *Corioli*. The folio always (n) has *Corioles*, in which cacography has only hitherward. Supply it but follows North's *Plutarch*. "are bound." (n) (w)

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 Sen.

Farewell.

2 Sen.

Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Volumnia. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I, — considering how honour would become such a person ; that it 10 was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, — was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he return'd, his brows bound

14-15 *his brows bound with oak.*
 The oaken garland, or *corona civica*, was bestowed upon him only who had saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle, slain his opponent, and held the ground. It was never granted except upon

the evidence of the person whose life was saved. Once obtained, it might always be worn ; and it insured the wearer a place next the senators in public assemblies, where all rose from their seats as he entered. He, his father, and

with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virginia. But had he died in the business, Madam ?
how then ?

Vol. Then, his 'good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: — had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlewoman. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair ;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him :
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus, —
"Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood.

his grandfather were also exempt from taxes and other public services. (w) 29 *hither*, sounding as far as to this place. (R)

At Grecian swords contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

Valeria. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship. 50

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-
keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in
good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship, well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a
drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis
a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'
Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirm'd
countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; 60
and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it
again; and over and over he comes, and up again;

⁴⁸ At Grecian swords contending. The first folio has *At Grecian sword*. *Contenning tell Valeria.* The compositor supposed the word which he misprinted *Contenning* to be the name of the gentlewoman to whom *Volumnia* speaks. The second folio has *At Grecian swordes Contending: tell Valeria*, which reading is given in the text because it has been generally received and there seems to be no better one to substitute. The word *contending* is

at least superfluous. [Cambridge
reads *At Grecian sword, contem-
ning. Tell Valeria*; but with
contenning Lettsom's conjecture
As goes better than the original
At.]

⁴⁹ bless, defend. (n)

⁵¹⁻² housekeepers, stay-at-
homes. (n)

⁵³ spot, figure. Cf. *Othello*,
III. iii. 435. (n)

⁵⁶ has. The pronoun is omitted
— as often.

catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon. 70

Vir. No, good Madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I 'll not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

80

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 90

Vir. O, good Madam, there can be none yet.

"mammock'd, tore to pieces. have been so called on account of
(n) "on's, of his. (a) their talkative, boastful dispositions. (w)
"crack, i. e. boy. Cf. 2 "sensible, sensitive. (n)
Henry IV., III. ii. 34. Boys may

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius, the General, is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on 100 mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell.

110

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before CorioL.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lartius. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. "Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

*106 disease our better mirth, the greater if she is not along.
trouble our mirth which will be (n)
108 at, in. (n)*

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him
I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work, 10
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, two
Senators and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Drums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Alarum afar off.*]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes 20
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.— Ladders, ho!

¹² *fielded*, fighting on the field. ¹⁷ *pound*, impound, shut up.

(R) (R)

The Volsces enter, and pass over.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
 Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
 With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance,
 brave Titus :
 They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
 Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my
 fellows :
 He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
 And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Enter MARCIUS, enraged.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, ³⁰
 You shames of Rome ! you herd of — Boils and
 plagues
 Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
 Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and Hell !
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you : look to 't : come on ; ⁴⁰
 If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

³⁰ south, south wind. (n)

³¹ The folio prints this line,
*You Shames of Rome : you Heard
 of Byles and Plagues* ; and this
 reading is left unchanged in the
 second folio. Theobald printed

*You shames of Rome, you ! herds
 of boils and plagues."* [Johnson]
 first gave the reading of the text.

... (w)

³² fires of heaven, stars. (n)

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope : — now prove good seconds.
Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[*MARCIUS enters the gates.*

1 *Soldier.* Fool-hardiness ! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*He is shut in. Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot I warrant him.

Enter TRITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden, 50
Clapp'd to their gates : he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art lost, Mar-
cius :

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

⁴⁷ *pot*, melting-pot. The meaning is, he will stand the most fiery test. (R)

⁵⁸ *sensibly*, i. e. though capable of feeling. (R)

⁵⁴ *lost*. The folio has *left*, which does not suit the context

and is a very easy misprint.
[*Cambridge* retains *left*.]

⁵⁷ *Cato's*. The folio has *Calves* — an easy misprint for *Catoes*. And that it was so is clear enough from a passage in North's *Plutarch*, where an idea of a soldier

Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world 60
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Enter, from the gates, MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted
 by the Enemy.*

1 Sol.

Look, sir !

Lart.

O, 't is Marcius !

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They charge, and all enter the city.

SCENE V.—*Within Coriolli. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Roman. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on 't ! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
 hours

At a crack'd drachma ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. — Down with
 them ! —

such as *Lartius* sees in *Coriolanus*
 is attributed to Cato the Elder.
 Theobald made the correction.

⁴ remain alike, a similar tarry-
 ing within the city. (n)

⁵ [Enter . . . with a Trumpet],
 i. e. with a trumpeter. (n)

⁴ movers, plunderers — with
 probably a slur on their unwanted
 activity. (n)

⁵ of a doit, worth but a
 farthing. (n)

And hark, what noise the General makes. — To him !
 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, 10
 Piercing our Romans : then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city,
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent
 For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not ;
 My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather ¹⁸physical
 Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 20
 Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
 Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius ! — [Exit MARCIUS.
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
 Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
 Where they shall know our mind. Away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter Cominius and Forces, as in retreat.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought : we
 are come off
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

¹⁸ *physical*, salutary. (a) no less thy friend than she is of
²⁰⁻¹ *Thy friend, &c.* This those she most favours." (a)
 seems to mean " May Fortune be

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
 The charges of our friends. — Ye Roman gods
 Lead their successes as we wish our own,
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
 t'ring,
 May give you thankful sacrifice! —

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10
 And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle:
 I saw our party to their trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their
 drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
 And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscians
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
 Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
 Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
 That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

⁵ conveying, i. e. carrying ⁸ powers, armies. (n)
 sounds. (n) ¹⁶ briefly, lately. (n)
⁶ Ya. The folio misprints *The.* ¹⁷ confound, spend. (n)
 [Hanmer's correction.] (w) ²² as, as if. (n)

He has the stand of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor.

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye

In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. **Flower of warriors,**

How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:

Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,

Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ? 40
Where is he ? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,
The common file, — a plague ! — Tribunes for them ? —

⁴² *clip*, hug. (n)
⁴³ *inform*, tell. *but for our gentlemen*, &c. Rolfe quotes Whitelaw — “he was going to say, ‘But for the gentlemen, the cowardice of the common file had lost the day.’” He also notes the obvious fact that *gentlemen* may be used ironically — an interpretation which is strengthened if we conceive *Marcus* as excusing the low-born messenger, but immediately taking his wrath out upon the rest of the plebeians. (n)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com.

But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

50

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but, 60
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish

⁵¹ *How lies their battle?* How are their forces arranged? (n)

⁵² *vaward, vanguard.* (n) *Antiates.* The folio has *Antiontes*, which is clearly a misprint for the *Antiates*, as appears by North's *Plutarch*, which here is closely followed. "Martius asked him howe the order of their enemies battel was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made him aunswere, that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward

of their battell were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The Consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage," p. 241, ed. 1579. (w)

⁵³ *endure.* Probably accented on the penult. (n)

⁵⁴ *prove, test.* (n)

You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. — If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself ;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces ? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

⁷⁰ *Lessor.* The folio misprints *Lesson.* [Rowe] read *Less for.* The text is Steevens'.

⁷⁰ Herford prefers an exclamation to a question ; i. e. " Make me your weapon, following me as the hand the sword ! " The entire line is obscure. (n)

⁷⁰ *As cause, &c., as circumstances shall determine.* (n)

⁷⁴ *four.* Why *four* ? The number is a strange one, considering the object in view. The integrity of the passage has been long suspected ; but no emendation worthy of notice has been proposed, unless *fours* is a misprint for *some*, as Singer conjectured. (w)

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Coriolis, going with Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieutenant. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence.

And shut your gates upon 's.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. — *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate
thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf.

We hate alike :

¹ ports, gates. (R)

⁸ centuries, companies of one hundred.

** Fear, mistrust. (n)*

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'T is not my blood, 10
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Aufidius.*

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'dst not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it,

⁴ *fame and envy*, envied fame,
or supply "of me" after *envy*.
Aufidius may refer to *Coriolanus's*
proud emulation. (R)

¹⁸ *whip*, champion. The reference is to the fabled Trojan origin
of the Romans. (R)

¹⁶ *condemned seconds*, i. e. aid

which I chide because it shames
me. (R)

² *Thou 'dt.* The folio has
Thou 't, which has hitherto been
given *Thou 't* [after the fourth
folio]. But perhaps we should
retain the original text literally.

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 To the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frightened,
 And, gladly quak'd, hear more ; where the dull Tribunes,
 That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
 Shall say, against their hearts, — “We thank the gods,
 Our Rome hath such a soldier ! ” —
 Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
 Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison :
 Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
 As you have done ; that 's what I can : induc'd
 As you have been ; that 's for my country :
 He that has but effected his good will
 Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving : Rome must know 20
 The value of her own : 't were a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
 In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done, before our army hear me.

⁶ *admire*, wonder. (a) are after all but little in compar-
⁶ *quak'd*, made to tremble. ison with his previous ones. (a)
 (a) ¹⁴ *charter*, privileged right.
 10-11 Obscure. It seems to (a) ¹⁷ *country*, trisyllabic. (a)
 mean that *Marous's* latest exploits

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[*A long Flourish.* *They all cry, "Marcius!*
Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft

"Should they not, i. e. be remembered. (n)

"tent, "probe" and so
"cure." (n)

"stand upon, insist on taking.
(n)

41-6 These lines appear thus in
the folio:

"May these same Instruments,
which you profane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums
and Trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let
Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele grows soft, as the
Parasites Silke,

Let him be made an Overture
for th' Warres:"

The passage is perplexing. The rhythm is un-Shakespearian and unsuited to the speaker's mood, but the folio is followed by most editors [still], though they substitute exclamation marks for colons, making *him* (l. 46) refer to *silk*, which is not incorrect usage. [White's reading was substantially that of Knight, but independent of it. *Cambridge* reads, after *Tyrwhitt* and *Steevens*, a *overture for an overture.*]

"soothing, flattery. (n)

As th' parasite's silk !
 Let them be made an overture for th' wars !
 No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
 My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
 Which without note here's many else have done,
 You shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

50

Com. Too modest are you :
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly. By your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you,
 Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. — Bear
 Th' addition nobly ever !

60

[Flourish. *Trumpets sound, and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

⁴⁴ I. e. Let drums and trumpets be used to usher in war, not for flattery. (w)

⁴⁵ *debile*, weak. (n)

⁴⁶ *give*, describe. (n)

⁴⁷ *proper*, own. (n)

⁴⁸ *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*. The folio here and elsewhere transposes this name thus : *Marcius Caius Coriolanus*. It has been the general custom to invest

Marcius immediately with his cognomen, and to prefix to his next and following speeches *Coriolanus*. But in the folio this, with some propriety, is not done until the arrival of the hero in Rome and the proclamation and confirmation of his honours. See II. i. 164-6. (w)

⁴⁹ *addition*, title. (n)

Mar. I will go wash ;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no : howbeit, I thank you. — 70
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ;
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
 Of my lord General.

Com. Take it : 't is yours. — What is 't ?

Mar. I sometime lay here in Corioli
 At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
 He cri'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !
 Were he the butcher of my son, he should
 Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Mar. By Jupiter, forgot : — 90
 I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
 Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent.

⁷³⁻⁸ I. e. "To justify the cognomen to the best of my ability" ⁷⁷ best, i. e. leading citizens of Corioli. (n) articulate, i. e. enter (Herford). (n) into articles of peace.

The blood upon your visage dries ; 't is time
It should be look'd to. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volsces.*

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ! —

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am. — Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find

I' th' part that is at mercy ? — Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee : so often hast thou beat me ;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat. — By the elements,

10

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He 's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in 't it had ; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I 'll poach at him some way,

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

² condition, terms. Later (l. 6) it may, as some editors hold, be equivalent to "character," but this is not clear. (n)

³ *Being*, &c. Show my true character now that I am vanquished. Cf. l. 7, *part that is at mercy.* (n)

¹² *where*, whereas — as often. (n)

¹³ *I 'll poach.* The folio has *lls potches* ; and hitherto the word has been printed *potch* [as also by recent editors], with the explana-

tion, either that "potch" is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push, or that it means to strike with a sharp instrument. But *Aufidius* means no such open attack ; for his *emulation* *Hath not that honour in 't it had* ; and *potch* is a mere irregular spelling of "poach." He means to steal upon his enemy. *Poach* occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, a play performed before *Coriolanus* was written.

1 Sol. He 's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's
poison'd,

With only suff'ring stain by him ; for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city :
Learn, how 't is held ; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove ; I pray you, 30
('T is south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

Act Two.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

MENENIUS. The augurer tells me we shall have
news to-night.

¹⁸ I. e. only because eclipsed by his. (B)

¹⁹ Shall . . . itself, i. e. My
valour will change its nature—
become craft. (R.)

22 *Embarquements*, restraints.
[Some recent editors read *Em-*

bargements, "impediments," and compare the Spanish, *embargamiento*.]

26 upon, under. (B)
27 attended, expected, waited
for. (B)

for. (R)

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people; for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

10

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Tribunes. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

20

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city,—I mean of us o' th' right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry 30 at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

²² censured, estimated. (a) sion, i. e. a very slight occasion
²²⁻⁹ a very little thief of occa- playing thief. (a)

Men. I know, you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single : your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride : O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! ⁴⁰ O, that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't : said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint ; hasty and tinder-like ⁵⁰ upon too trivial motion : one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables ; and though I must be

³⁷ *single*, simple, i. e. insignificant. (n)

³⁸⁻⁴⁰ Rolfe quotes Johnson : "With allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own." (n)

⁴⁷ *humorous*, whimsical. (n)

⁴⁹⁻⁵⁰ *said to be something im-*

perfect, in favouring the first complaint. Menenius, being hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion, is said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint made to him. All the clauses of this sentence are merely specifications of his traits of character.

⁵¹ *motion*, incitement. (n)

⁵⁴ *wealsmen*, statesmen. (n)

content to bear with those that say you are reverend ⁶⁰ grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Bru. Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset- ⁷⁰ seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a ⁸⁰ perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion,

⁶¹ *you*, accidentally omitted, because repeated.

⁶² *microcosm*, little world (of man). (n.)

⁶⁴ *bisson conspectuities*, purblind visions. (n.)

⁶⁵⁻⁶ *caps and legs*, i. e. obsequiousness. (n.)

⁷⁰ *fosset*, i. e. faucet or wine-tap. (n.)

⁷¹ *bencher*, occupant of a senatorial seat.

⁷⁴ *encounter*, meet — as frequently. (n.)

⁸⁷ *botcher's*, mender of old clothes. (n.)

or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deu- ⁹⁰ calion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, and other Ladies.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let 's go. ¹⁰⁰

Men. Ha ! Marcius coming home ?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. — Hoo ! Marcius coming home ?

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him : the State hath another, his wife another ; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night. — ¹¹⁰ A letter for me ?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you ; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me ? It gives me an estate of seven years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricotic, and, to this preservative, of no

⁹⁰ estimation, valuation. (R)

⁹² Good den, good evening.

¹¹⁶ empiricotic. Spelled in the
folio *Emperick quiques*. The Col-

better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded ? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no !

Vol. O, he is wounded ; I thank the gods for 't. 120

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. — Brings 'a victory in his pocket ? — The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows : Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly ?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too ; I 'll warrant him that : an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the 130 gold that 's in them. Is the Senate possessed of this ?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. — Yes, yes, yes : the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous : ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true !

140

Vol. True ! pow, waw.

Men. True ! I 'll be sworn they are true. — Where is he wounded ? — God save your good worshipes ! [To the Tribunes, who come forward.] Marcius is coming

lier MS. had *empiric physic*. [A coinage of *Menenius* who is, of course, guilty of a gross anachronism in referring to *Galen*.]

¹¹⁷ report, reput. (B)

¹²⁸ On 's brows, i. e. a victory

on his brows : referring to *Menenius* 's question. (w)

¹²⁰ fidius'd, i. e. Aufidius'd. (n)

¹²¹ possessed, informed. (n)

¹²⁴ name, credit. (n)

¹³⁰ purchasing, gaining. (n)

home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm: there will be large cicatrices to shew the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' th' body. 150

Men. One i' th' neck, and two i' th' thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of *Marcus*: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie; 160 Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. *Trumpets sound.* Enter *Cominius* and *Titus Lartius*; between them, *Coriolanus*, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know, Rome, that all alone *Marcus* did fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to *Caius Marcus*; these In honour follows, *Coriolanus*:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*! [*Flourish.*]

¹⁴⁹ *place*, i. e. the consulship. ¹⁵⁰ *strong, sinewy. advanc'd, uplifted—as often.* 151

(n) ¹⁵¹ *Menenius* is counting for himself. (n)

¹⁵⁰⁻¹ *Death . . . die.* These lines were probably added to the prompter's book, to please the actor of *Volumnia* with a round, mouth-filling speech. [*nervy*,

strong, sinewy. advanc'd, uplifted—as often. 152

¹⁵² *[Sennet.] Notes on a trumpet.* (n)

¹⁵³ *Coriolanus.* The folio, with obvious error, *Martius Caius Coriolanus.* (w) [So l. 164, the folio, *Martius Caius*, and ii. 46, *Martius Caius Coriolanus.*] 154

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Coriolanus. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, —

Cor. O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [Kneels.]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? — O my sweet lady, par-
don. [To VALERIA. 180]

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O! welcome
home;

And welcome, General; — and y' are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could
weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Wel-
come!

A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!

We call a nettle, but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

190

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on !

Cor. Your hand, — and yours :
[To his Wife and Mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited ;
From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,
But, with them, change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy :
Only there 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not, 200
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !

[Flourish. *Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacled to see him : your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks, windows,

¹⁹⁷ *change*, variety [or else
addition]. ²⁰⁷ *chats him*, talks about him.

¹⁹⁸ *inherited*, obtained. (n)

²⁰⁷ *malkin*, wench. (n)

²⁰⁶ *spectacled*, another anach-
ronism. (n)

²⁰⁸ *lockram*, cheap linen cloth.

²⁰⁸ *rapture*, fit.

²⁰⁶ *reechy*, fuming with grease and
dirt.

²⁰⁹ *bulks*, shop-fronts. (n)

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions, all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : sold-shewn flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask in
 Their nicely-gauded cheeks to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were slily crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

On the sudden

210

I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end ; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru.

In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
 stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours ;
 Which that he 'll give them, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do 't.

Bru.

I heard him swear,

230

Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
 Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility ;

²¹⁰ *leads*, gutters. *ridges*, ridge-
 poles. *hors'd*, bestridden. (n)

²¹² *sold-shewn flamens*, priests
 of the highest order consecrated
 to the service of a particular deity,
 and so seldom seen.

²¹⁶ *nicely-gauded*, daintily at-
 tended to. (n)

²²⁴ *and*. Some such words as
 "to the spot where he should"
 are to be supplied. (n)

²²⁷ *malice*, grudge. (n)

Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic.

"T is right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. "T is most like, he will.

240

Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms ; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in their war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

250

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall not want,

²⁴⁰ *right, true.* (n)

²⁴¹ *good wills*, either used ironi-
cally, or *wills* = determines, re-
quires. (n)

²⁴² *For an end*, to put an end
to all this suspense, or to all this
talk. (n)

²⁴³ *suggest*; "remind" seems
nearer the meaning than

"prompt" or "incite" unless we
supply "as to." (n)

²⁴⁴ *still*, ever. Cf. ii. 133. (n)

²⁴⁵ *Dispropertied*, deprived of
value. (n)

²⁴⁶ *provand*, provender.

²⁴⁷ *touch*. The folio, *teach*.
The emendation is [Hanmer's].
Theobald read *reach*.

If he be put upon 't ; and that 's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru.

What 's the matter ?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought,
That Marcius shall be Consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd ; the nobles bended
As to Jove's statue, and the Commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

260

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic.

Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come ; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships ?

2 Off. Three, they say ; but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That 's a brave fellow ; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them ; and

* of, by. (n)

there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, ¹⁰ they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. ²⁰ Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not ³⁰ confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

¹² in, with regard to. (n)

¹⁷ waved, would have wavered.

(n)

²⁰ discover, show. opposite, adversary. (n)

²¹ affect, desire. (n)

²⁷ bonneted, &c. It is hard to say whether this means that they

took off their caps and did little else, or put on their caps and were indifferent, after having been subservient and thus gained their point. *thom* = themselves. The phrase *into their estimation, &c.*, should not be construed with *bonneted*. (n)

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that 40
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present Consul and last General
In our well-found successes to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcus Coriolanus; whom
We meet here both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our State's defective for requital 50
Than we, to stretch it out. Masters o' th' people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinalbe to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

²⁷ *of*, with respect to. (a)
⁴⁰ *gratify*, requite. (a)
⁴⁴ *well-found*, well-received —
probably; possibly, fortunate.
(a)
⁵⁴⁻⁵ I. e. Your influence upon
the commons to induce them to

enact whatsoever we enact here.
(a)
⁵⁴ *convented*, convened. (a)
⁵⁵ *treaty*, matter of business.
(a)
⁵⁷ *our assembly.* A trifling
anachronism. For, as Warburton

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off: 60
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak. — [CORIOLANUS rises, and offers
to go away.] Nay, keep your place.

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope 70
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but, your
people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' th'
sun,

remarked, till the enactment of
the Lex Attinia, somewhere
about three hundred years after
the death of Coriolanus, the Trib-
unes had not the privilege of
entering the Senate, but had

seats placed for them near the
door, on the outside of the house.

(w)

⁶⁰ *blest*, joyful. (n)

⁶⁷ *shame*, be ashamed. (n)

⁷³ *sooth'd*, flattered. (n)

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit.]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter
(That's thousand to one good one), when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour 80
Than one on's ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, 90
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' th' Consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' th' field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;

⁷⁷ *monster'd*, monstrously exaggerated. (n)

⁸¹ *one on's*. The folio prints *on ones*. [The two words were sounded nearly alike.] The third folio, *one on's*. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. i. 1. (w)

⁸⁷ *singly*, i. e. by any single person. (n)

⁸⁸ *head*, army. (n)

⁹¹ *chin*. The folio has *Shinna*.

⁸⁶ *on his knee*, to his knees. (n)

⁸⁸ *woman in the scene*. Another anachronism. There were no theatres in Rome until more than two hundred years after the banishment of Coriolanus. (w) [There is also an allusion to the well-known Elizabethan practice of having boys take women's parts.]

And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since, 100
 He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem : his sword, death's stamp,
 Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd 110
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his ;
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense : then, straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'T were a perpetual spoil ; and till we call'd 120
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man.

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
 And looked upon things precious, as they were

¹⁰¹ *lurch'd*, [deprived.] To lurch
 was to obtain an easy victory.
 Malone cited from Cole's *Latin
 Dictionary*, 1679, "A lurch, *Du-
 plex palma, facilis victoria.*"

¹⁰⁶ *speak him home*, describe
 him adequately. (n)

¹⁰⁶ *it took*. "It told," as we
 say; "it left its impress" (Rolle).
 (n)

¹¹¹ *mortal*, fatal. (n)

¹¹⁷ *fatigate*, fatigued. (n)

¹²⁶ *as*, as if — a frequent usage
 in these plays. (n)

That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and
thus;—

Shew them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—

We recommend to you, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them:—and to our noble Consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

150

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

¹⁵² *Our purpose*, i. e. the com-
munication of our choice of *Cori-
olanus* as consul. (n)

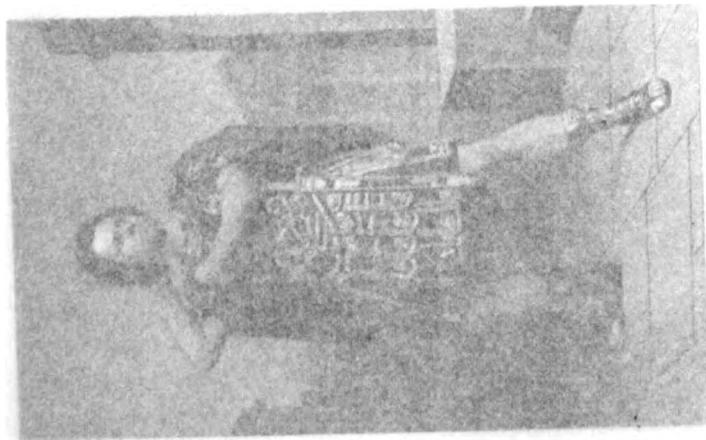
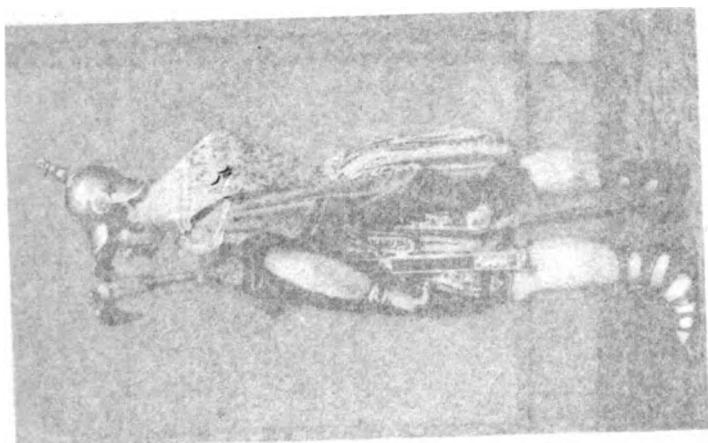
¹⁵⁶ *require*, make request of.
(n)

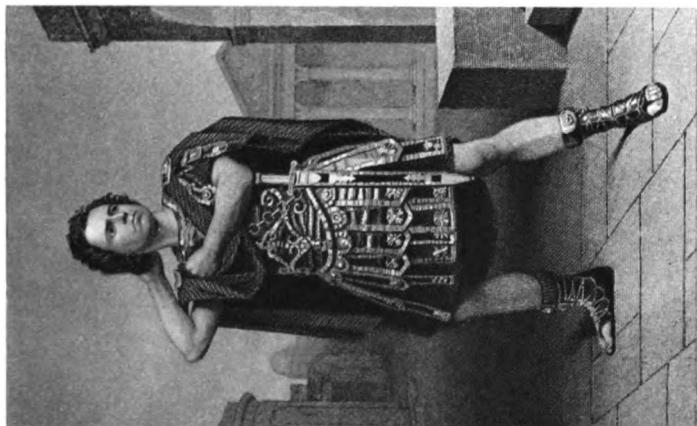
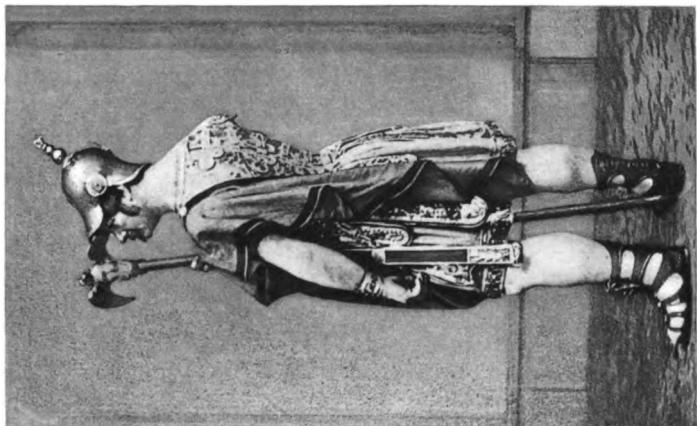
¹ [*Enter several Citizens.*] The
folio has *Enter seven or eight Citi-
zens*; for those were not the days
of supernumeraries. (w) [*Once,*
i. e. once for all.]

MR. CRESWICK AND EDWIN FORREST AS CORIO-
LANUS

From an engraving of a daguerreotype by Paine and
from a photograph.

CORIOLANUS





3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were 10 to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 Cit. We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: 20 and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' th' compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 't is strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

30

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

¹⁵ *ones*, once when. (n)

II. I. 13. (w) [The fourth folio,

¹⁶ *of*, by. (n)

auburn.]

¹⁹ *auburn.* The folio has
Abram. See *Romeo and Juliet*,

²² *consent of*, agreement upon.
should, would. (n)

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all ⁴⁰ together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
“I pray, sir,”—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring ⁵⁰
My tongue to such a pace.—“Look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From th' noise of our own drums.”

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire
them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

²⁴⁻⁵ *you may, you may.* See *Troilus and Cressida*, III. i. 118. ⁴²⁻³ *by particulars*, i. e. to one person or group at a time. They come two by two. (R) (w)

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all :
I 'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, 60
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace.

Enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir : tell us what hath brought you
to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir ; 't was never my desire yet, to trouble
the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we 70
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' th' consulship ?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly ? Sir, I pray, let me ha 't : I have
wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private. —
Your good voice, sir ; what say you ?

⁵⁷⁻⁸ *forget me . . . lose by 'em.*
I. e. forget me as they do the virtues
that divines preached to them
in vain. An obscure and anachronistic passage. (R)

⁶⁰ *wholesome*, proper, reasonable.
Coriolanus immediately
takes the word in another sense.
(R)

⁶¹ [Enter two Citizens.] The
folio, *Enter three of the Citizens*

— with manifest error, as *Coriolanus* says, *Here comes a brace.* (W)
[Cambridge, Re-enter a third Citizen ; and so ll. 63, 67, 70-1 (but
not 73), 80, are assigned to *Third Cit.* in place of *1 Cit.*]

⁶⁶ *not*. The folio has the common misprint *but*. It was corrected in the third folio. (W)
[Cambridge prefers the reading
but not.]

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be Consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 't is a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be Consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

⁷⁸ match, bargain. (n)

⁷⁹ sworn brother. The *fratres jurati* of the Middle Ages swore to stand by one another. Cf. *Much Ado*, I. i. 73. (n)

⁸⁰ of, from. condition, disposition, or, more concretely, way of acting. (n)

⁸¹ be off, i. e. take my hat off. (n)

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices! —

Better it is to die, better to starve, 110
 Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
 Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
 To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't: —
 What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to o'er-peer. — Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus. — I am half through: 120
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.
 Here come more voices. —

111 *hire.* The folio affords here a noteworthy example of the misprint by the ear. It has *higher.* (w)

112 *this woolvish toge*, i. e. this toga, in which, to attain my own ends, I assume a virtue — humility — which I have not, like the wolf in sheep's clothing. The first folio has *tongue*. White plausibly read *gown*, arguing that Shakespeare nowhere else uses *toga* and that a misprint of "gowne" for "tongue" was not an extraordinary one. He relied also with some reason on the fact

that in the passage of North's version of *Plutarch* which Shakespeare "was here dramatising" (p. 244, ed. 1579) we have 'gowne' but no mention of 'toga.'" It seems best, however, to adopt the usual reading, *toga*. (n)

113 *Hob, Bob.* (n)

114 *vouches*, suffrages. (n)

115 *antique*, accented on the first, not the last syllable. (n)

116 *o'er-peer.* The folio, *o're-peere.*

117 *suffer'd*, having been endured. (n)

Enter three other Citizens.

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
 Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of : for your voices
 Have done many things, some less, some more.
 Your voices : indeed, I would be Consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice. 130

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be Consul. The gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. — God save thee, noble Consul !

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

Enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the
 Tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice : remains
 That, in th' official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
 The people do admit you ; and are summon'd 140
 To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself
 again,

Repair to th' senate-house.

¹³⁷ *marks, insignia, tokens.* (n) *regard to the ratifying of your*
¹⁴¹ *upon your approbation, with* *election.* (n)

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore 150
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ! have you chose this
man ?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech ; he did not mock
us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
says,

He us'd us scornfully : he should have shew'd us 160
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no ; no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could shew
in private ;

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be Consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,

¹⁵¹ *weeds*, garments. Cf. I. 221. (n)

Here was,—“ I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices : — now you have left your voices,
I have no farther with you.” — Was not this mockery ? 170

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your enemy ; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' th' body of the weal : and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' th' State,
If he should still malignantly remain 180
Fast foe to th' plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves ? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tri'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might, 190
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught ; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

¹⁷⁰ *farther with*, farther use for.
(B) ¹⁷¹ *ignorant*, i. e. too ignorant.

¹⁷⁸ *touch'd*, tested. Cf. “ touch-
stone.” (B) ¹⁹¹ *cause*, occasion. (B)
(B) ¹⁹⁸ *article*, condition. (B)

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies 200
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deni'd the asker; and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.
2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends, 210
They have chose a Consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you, but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you 220
The apprehension of his present portance, which
Most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

²⁰¹ *heart*, courage, or sense. ²⁰¹ *portance*, way of bearing
(n) ²⁰² *rectorship*, guidance. (n) ²⁰² *himself*. (n)
²⁰⁴ *Of*, on. (n) ²⁰⁴ *After*, in accordance with.
²⁰⁵ *Enforos*, urge. (n)

Bru.

Lay

A fault on us, your Tribunes ; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections ; and that your minds,
Preoccupi'd with what you rather must do, 230
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd, and what stock he springs of, —
The noble house o' th' Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was King.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ; 240
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic.

One thus descended,
That hath, beside, well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances ; but you have found,

²²⁶ but is superfluous. (n)

²²⁸ affections, inclinations. (n)

²⁴¹ And Censorinus, &c. This line was added by Pope from suggestions in North's *Plutarch*, which Shakespeare follows closely in this speech. One or more lines have plainly been lost from the folio. White held himself responsible for the addition of chosen to the next line ; and in

justification cited the lack of the two syllables in the folio, and the presence of the word in the speech in North's *Plutarch*. Singer had made this emendation before White. *Cambridge* reads two prosaic lines :

“ And [Censorinus] nobly named
so,
Twice being [by the people
chosen] censor.” (n)

Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on ;
And presently, when you have drawn your number, 250
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [Exit Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on :
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol :
Come, we 'll be there before the stream o' th' people :
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exit. 260

A C T T H R E E.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

CORIOLANUS. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made
new head ?

²⁴⁶ *Scaling*, i. e. weighing. (R) ²⁵⁷ *vantage of*, opportunity
²⁴⁶ *putting on*, instigation. (R) given by. (R)
²⁵⁰ *presently*, at once. (R) ¹ *made new head*, raised a new
²⁵⁴ *past doubt*, &c. I. e. al- army. (R)
though there is no doubt that a
greater mutiny will follow. (R)

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which
caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So, then, the Volsces stand but as at first ;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely 10
Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he ?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home. 20

[*To LARTIUS.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold ! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth. I do despise
them.

⁸ composition, agreeing on terms. (a) ¹⁰ for, because. (a) ¹¹ To hopeless restitution, without hope of getting them back. (a)

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on : no farther.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the
Commons ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ? 30

Sen. Tribunes, give way : he shall to th' market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ? —

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ? — What are your
offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,

40

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot :

²³ *prank*, plume. (n)

²⁴ *Against all noble sufferance*,
i. e. past all endurance by the nobility. (n)

²⁵ *the Nobles and the Commons*.
The folio [followed by recent editors] has *the Noble and the Com-*

mon, but that the omission of the *s* was accidental appears both from the sense of the passage and the use of a capital initial letter in both instances. Capital letters indicate substantives. (w)

The people cry, you mock'd them ; and, of late,
 When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
 Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
 Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence ?

Bru. How ! I inform them !

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be Consul ? By yond
 clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that
 For which the people stir. If you will pass
 To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit ;
 Or never be so noble as a Consul,
 Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd.— Set on.— This
 paltering
 Becomes not Rome ; nor has Coriolanus
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
 I th' plain way of his merit. 60

Cor. Tell me of corn !
 This was my speech, and I will speak 't again —

⁴⁷ *sithence*, since. Cf. *All's Well*, I. iii. 124, the only other instance of the word in Shakespeare.

⁴⁸ *like*, likely, cf. I. 133. *un-like*, unlikely. (n)

⁵⁵ *abus'd*, deceived. (n)
⁶⁰ *this so dishonour'd rub*, such a dishonourable impediment as this. *falsely*, with false, or, rather, sinister intentions. (n)

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons: —

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number:
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' people, 80
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. T were well
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

⁸⁰ *soothing*, flattering. (R)

⁷⁰ *cockle*, a weed which chokes
the growth of wheat. Here
Shakespeare followed North's
Plutarch closely. "They nour-
ished against themselves the

naughty seed and cockle of inso-
lence and sedition." (W)

⁷⁸ *measles*, lepers, scurvy fel-
lows. (R)

⁷⁹ *tetter*, infect (with a skin
disease). (R)

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain! —
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. Shall! 90

O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' th' monster, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then ¹⁰⁰ vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste

⁹⁰ *from the canon*, contrary to usage, i. e. for a tribune to declare what "shall" be, without deference to popular will. Some editors construe the phrase in precisely the opposite sense. (n)

⁹¹ *O, good.* The folio misprints *O God!* This speech is very corruptly printed in the folio.

⁹¹⁻⁸ *why . . . Given Hydra, &c.* I. e. why have you endowed this many-headed monster here with the power of choosing an officer, &c. . . . (w)

⁹⁶ *monster.* The folio adds *s* to *monster*. [Recent editors read *monster's*.]

⁹⁶ *vail your ignoramus: if none, awake.* The folio reading has been retained, although, even when *vail* has been explained as = lower, the close of the sentence remains very obscure. White, with the Collier MS., read *ignorance . . . revokes.* (n)

¹⁰⁰ *great'st taste*, general judgment. (n)

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate ;
 And such a one as he, who puts his " shall,"
 His popular " shall," against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
 It makes the Consuls base ! and my soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by th' other.

Com. Well — on to th' market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' th' store-house gratis, as 't was us'd
 Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well ; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
 power,
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the State.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One that speaks thus their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know the 120
 corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates : this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis : being i' th' war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation

¹⁰⁴ *palates theirs*, suits their taste. (n)

¹¹⁰ *confusion*, four syllables. (n)

¹²¹ *our recompense*, i. e. the recompense given by us. (n)

¹²⁷ *for them*, in their behalf, or to their credit. (n)

Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the motive
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? 130
 How shall this bisson multitude digest
 The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words: — “We did request it;
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands.” — Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares fears; which will in time
 Break ope the locks o' th' Senate, and bring in
 The crows to peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more: 140

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance, — it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,
 You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150

¹²⁹ *motive.* The folio has *Natiue*, which is plainly corrupt. The restoration, which needs no defence, is [Heath's conjecture, and has been adopted by many editors].

¹³¹ *bisson multitude.* The folio has the extravagant misprint *Bosome-multiplied*. *Bisson*, which means “blinded,” is Dyce's reading. Cf. II. i. 64.

¹³⁷ *Call our oares fears.* Dyce suggested that something had dropped out from this line. The metrical arrangement is that of the original. [*oares* = consideration for them.]

¹⁴² *worship*, authority. (a)

¹⁴³ *part*, side — as frequently.

(R)

¹⁴⁵ *conclude*, decide matters.

(R)

That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
 Of that integrity which should become 't,
 Not having the power to do the good it would, 160
 For th' ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' th' dust. 170

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a Consul? no.

Bru. The AEdiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
 name, myself

¹⁶⁰ *jump* [put in peril] is used here so strangely and infelicitously that one may more than suspect corruption.

¹⁶⁰ *integrity*, entire command of itself. (n)

¹⁶¹ *Has said enough.* The omission of the pronoun, as here

and in L 161, is not rare. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, II. ii. 73.

¹⁶⁴ *bald*, witless. Cotgrave notes the proverb, "As little wit as hair on his head." (n)

¹⁶⁶ *greater bench*, Senate. (n)

¹⁶⁹ *be said*, i. e. be exchanged for. (n)

Men.

Fie, fie, fie :

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.*Sic.* What is the city, but the people?*Citizens.*

True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.*Citizens.*

You so remain.

200

Men. And so are like to do.*Com.* That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.*Sic.*

This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Marcius* is worthy
Of present death.*Sic.*

Therefore, lay hold of him.

210

Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.*Bru.**Ædiles*, seize him.*Citizens.* Yield, *Marcius*, yield.*Men.*

Hear me one word.

Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace !

²⁰⁸ in whose power, by the power
residing in whom, or to represent
whose power. (n)

²¹⁰ present, immediate. (n)

²¹¹ rock *Tarpeian*, a portion of
the Capitol whence criminals were

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dashed to death, named from *Tarpeia* who betrayed the city to the
Sabines. She, however, met with
a different death, having been
crushed beneath the shields of the
contemptuous Sabines. (n)

Men. [To Brutus.] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. — Lay hands upon
him, 220
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here.
[Drawing his sword.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting :
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword ! — Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble ; help him, young, and old !

Citizens. Down with him ! down with him !
[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the AEdiles, and
the People, are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house : begone, away !
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast ;
We have as many friends as enemies. 230

Men. Shall it be put to that ?
1 Sen. The gods forbid !

²²⁸ *seen me.* Supply "do" or
"perform." (n)
²²⁹ *be noble*, i. e. belong to the
Patricians. (n)
²³⁰ *your.* The folio misprints
our. (w)
²³¹ *Get . . . gone.* The folio as-

signs this speech to *Cominius* by
the very easy misprint *Com.* for
Cor. But *Coriolanus* was a man
to bid stand rather than be bid-
den ; and *Cominius* urges him to
go (l. 233). Warburton made the
change. (w) [Cambridge, *Com.*]

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians,—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans,—as they are
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' th' Capitol! —

Men. Begone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground, 240
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' th' best of them; yea, the two
Tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request

²³⁴ You cannot tent, which you
cannot probe. (n)

²³⁵ I would they were, &c. The
folio makes this and the following
speech one; assigning it to *Menenius*. But, as Tyrwhitt first
saw, it is clearly *Coriolanus* who
speaks here; and *Menenius* breaks
in, Be gone, &c. . . . (w)

²⁴⁰ One time will owe another.
I. e. Times will change. (n)

²⁴⁸ beyond arithmetic, i. e. be-
yond computation. Rolfe in his
note on this passage illustrates
involuntarily a kind of error fre-
quently found in the folio. He
prints *against* instead of *beyond*,
either because he used *against* in
his explanation, or because his
next note was on *Against* (l. 245)
= in the way of. (n)

²⁴⁶ tag, rabble. (n)

With those that have but little : this must be patch'd 250
With cloth of any colour.

Com.

Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his
mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here 's goodly work !

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tiber ! — What, the
vengeance, 260
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

Enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy Tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands : he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble Tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands. 270

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir, —

Sic. Peace !

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have help to make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak.—
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—

Sic. Consul ! — what Consul ?

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He Consul !

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but our danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death : therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

290

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.

²⁷⁴ *cry havoc*, i. e. give signal for
general slaughter.

[Some recent editors dubiously
retain *one* as "constant," or else
construe *certain death* as another
danger.]

²⁷⁵ *help*, helped. (2)

²⁷⁶ *our*. The folio has *one*.
The emendation is Theobald's.

²⁷⁷ *deserved*, deserving.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.

Men. One word more, one word. 810
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* smote? ourselves resisted? — come! —

Men. Consider this: — he has been bred i' th' wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd 320

*see clean kam, utterly awry.
Kam is Welsh.*

204 *Morley, ab*

so-*Merry, absolutely.* (n.)
so-*1 The service* if 1

Would it not be better to make this speech a rhetorical question? (n)

212 *unscann'd, inconsiderate.*

accented on the first syllable. (n)

815 **with, by means of.** (R)

²³⁰ *ho.* Only here in this play [and probably in II. i. 192] has the folio *a* for *ho.* See *Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i. 16.

In bolted language ; meal and bran together
 He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
 I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
 (In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.*

Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course
 Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.

Sic.

Noble Menenius,

Be you, then, as the people's officer. —
 Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru.

Go not home.

330

Sic. Meet on the market-place. — We 'll attend you
 there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
 In our first way.

Men.

I 'll bring him to you. —

Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.] He
 must come,
 Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.*

Pray you, let 's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Room in CORIOLANUS' House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears : present me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,

^{as} *bolted, sifted, select* — as the
 phrases that follow indicate. (n)

^{as} The folio, by a manifest
 error, prints *undertake to bring him*
in peace, the last two words hav-

ing plainly been caught from the
 line but one below. (w)

^{as} *humane*, accented on the
 first syllable. (n)

^{as} *attend, await.* (n)

That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals ; things created
To buy and sell with groats ; to shew bare heads 10
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. I talk of you :

[*To VOLUMNIA.*

Why did you wish me milder ? Would you have me
False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir !
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go. 20
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come ; you have been too rough,
something too rough :
You must return, and mend it.

⁷ *muse*, wonder. (a)

¹⁰ *groats*, fourpences. (a)

¹² *ordinance*, rank. (a)

²¹ *thwartings*. The folio has
things. The emendation is Theo-
bald's.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy :
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the mid'st, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger 80
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' time craves it as physic
For the whole State, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?
Men. Return to th' Tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them ? — I cannot do it to the gods ;
Must I then do 't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I th' war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there ?

Cor. Tush, tush !
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace

example of the frequent use of the participle for the adjective in *able*. (2)

With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request ?

50

Cor. Why force you this ?
Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To th' people ; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood. —

60

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour : I am, in this,
Your wife, your son, these Senators, the nobles ;
And you will rather shew our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady ! —
Come, go with us : speak fair ; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

70

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,

⁶⁰ on you. The folio reads *you on*. With the present text, whatever arrangement of the lines be adopted, the verse halts miserably.

⁶¹ roted, learned by rote. The folio has *rooted*. Boswell suggested, and Dyce read *rooted*, i. e. infix'd no deeper than your tongue.

⁶⁷ I. e. "Not acknowledged as the offspring of your heart" (Rolfe). (n)

⁶⁸ take in, capture — or better, get control of. (n)

⁶⁹ inheritance, possession. (n)

⁷⁰ that want, i. e. the want of that. (n)

⁷¹ Not, not merely. Cf. below, iii. 97. (n)

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
 Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, —
 Which, often ; thus correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble as the ripest mulberry
 That will not hold the handling, — say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power, and person.

80

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours ;
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
 Go, and be rul'd ; although I know thou hadst rather 90
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower.

Here is Cominius.

⁷⁶ *bussing*, kissing. (n)
⁷⁸ I. e. Which do often ; by this repeated act of courtesy correcting thy proud heart. The whole passage is difficult and very variously amended.

⁸⁰ The folio prints this line thus : *That will not hold the handling : or say to them* [and recent editors so print it]. But the superfluous syllable is just in that part of the verse in which such superfluity is absolutely inadmissible, and it is as fatal to sense as it is to rhythm. The sentence is involved, and all between *stretch'd*

⁸¹ [l. 74] and *say to them* [l. 80] is parenthetical, parenthesis between parenthesis ; the direct construction being “Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand, and, thus far having stretched it [i. e. your disposition], say to them,” &c. The introduction of *or* may be safely attributed to the incapacity of the compositor to keep up to the strain of the sentence. He thought there must be a place for a rest and a fresh start.

⁸³ *fit*, as fit. *as they*, as for them. (n)

⁸¹ *in*, into (perhaps). (n)

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' th' market-place ; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence : all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will. —
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce ?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart 100
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do 't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. — To th' market-
place !

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son : as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't. 110
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

¹⁰⁰ unbarbed sconce, unhelmeted head. (n) ¹¹² quired, accorded (in musical pitch). (n)
¹⁰² plot, i. e. person (himself). ¹¹⁴ Small, high pitched. (n)
(n)

That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks ; and school-boys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath receiv'd an alms ! — I will not do 't,
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
 And by my body's action teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.

120

Vol. At thy choice, then :
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin : let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
 But owe thy pride thyself.

130

Cor. Pray, be content :
 Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
 Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
 Commend me to my wife. I 'll return Consul,
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' th' way of flattery farther.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away ! the Tribunes do attend you : arm
 yourself

¹¹⁶ *Tent in*, a needlewoman's phrase, "catch in," or "draw in." Most editors following Johnson take *tent* as "encamp."

¹¹⁷ *Who*, which. It is not likely that it was intended to refer to the "I" involved in *my*. (a)

¹²¹ *surcease*, cease. (a)

¹²² *stoutness*, obstinacy. (a)

¹²³ *owe*, own. (a)

¹²⁴ *mountebank their loves*, play a vulgar part to win their loves. (a)

¹²⁵ *Cog*, cheat. (a)

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

140

Cor. The word is, mildly : — pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home ; that he
affects
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people ;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an AEdile.

What ! will he come ?

AEd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?
AEd. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll ?

AEd. I have ; 't is ready.

10

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

AEd. I have.

¹⁴³ word, watchword. (a)

³ Enforce him, charge him

¹⁴⁴ in, according to. (a)

vehemently. (a) envy, hatred.

¹ affects, aims at. (a)

⁹ poll, head. (a)

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
 And when they hear me say, " It shall be so,
 I' th' right and strength o' th' Commons," be it either
 For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
 If I say, fine, cry " Fine ; " if death, cry " Death ; "
 Insisting on the old prerogative
 And power i' th' truth o' th' cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
 Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 20
 Enforce the present execution
 Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
 hint,
 When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go ; about it. —
 [Exit *Ædile*.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
 Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
 Of contradiction ; being once chaf'd, he cannot
 Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
 What 's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck. 30

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
 and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

¹² *presently*, at once. Cf. l. 21,
present = immediate. (B)

²¹⁻¹ *worth Of contradiction.*
 So the folio, most unsatisfactorily
 [but not more so than all suggested emendations. The phrase

probably means " all the power
 of contradicting that goes with
 his rank," i. e. " all he as a proud
 noble wants "].

²⁰ *looks*, seems likely, prom-
 ises. (B)

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. — The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war !

1 *Sen.*

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter AEdile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

AEd. List to your Tribunes. Audience : peace ! I
say.

40

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this pres-
ent ?

Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens ! he says he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

^{as} *pieces*, i. e. of money. (a) *Through*. Theobald made the
^{as} *the knave by the volume*, i. e. correction. (w)
being frequently called knave. ^{as} *determine*, end. demand,
(n) ^{as} *ask*. (n) ^{as} *allow*, recognize. (n)

Cor. Scratches with briers ;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well ; no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for Consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

60

Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then : 't is true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?
Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' th' lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor ! — Thou injurious Tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

70

⁶⁶ *accents.* The folio, *Actions.* The correction [Pope's, in his second edition]. (w)

⁶⁷ *envy you*, i. e. indicate ill will toward you. It is not likely that the pacific *Menenius* could

have meant "rather than ill will becomes you." (a)

⁶⁸ *contriv'd*, plotted. (a)

⁶⁹ *season'd*, tested, constitutional. (a)

⁷⁰ *injurious*, insulting. (a)

Sic.

Mark you this, people ?

Citizens. To th' rock ! to th' rock with him !*Sic.* Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

80

Those whose great power must try him ; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,

Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. Serv'd well for Rome, —

But since he hath

Cor. What do you prate of service ?*Bru.* I talk of that, that know it.*Cor.* You ?*Men.* Is this
The promise that you made your mother ?*Com.* Know, I pray you, —*Cor.* I 'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

90

Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have 't with saying, "Good morrow."

Sic. For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time

Envi'd against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power ; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

⁸⁰ *pent.*, &c., i. e. sentence of confinement with insufficient food. (R)

⁸⁶ *Envi'd*, shown malice. (R)
⁸⁷ *not*, not merely. Cf. *ante*, ii. 71. (R)

That do distribute it ; in the name o' th' people,
 And in the power of us, the Tribunes, we, 100
 Even from this instant, banish him our city,
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates. I th' people's name,
 I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so : let him away.
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
 friends ; —

Sic. He's sentenc'd : no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.

I have been Consul, and can shew for Rome, 110
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good with a respect more tender,
 More holy and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins ; then, if I would
 Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what ?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
 As enemy to the people and his country :
 It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so : it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate 120
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
 And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !

¹¹⁰ for. The folio has *from.* ¹¹⁴ *My dear wife's estimate*, i. e.
 The correction was made by *My estimation of my dear wife.*
 Theobald. ¹²⁰ *cry, pack.* (n)

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders ; till, at length,
 Your ignorance, which finds not, till it feels,
 Making not reservation of yourselves, 130
 Still your own foes, deliver you as most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
 Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo !
 hoo ! [Shouting and throwing up their caps.]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates ; and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite :
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard 140
 Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come ; let's see him out at gates :
 come. —

The gods preserve our noble Tribunes ! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOUR.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

CORIOLANUS. Come, leave your tears : a brief farewell.—The beast

¹³⁰ *not.* Capell's correction. ¹³¹ *Still,* ever — as so often.
 The folio has *but* [which some (a) ¹³² *Abated,* abject, dejected.
 editors succeed in explaining to (a) their satisfaction].

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient courage ? you were us'd
 To say extremity was the trier of spirits ;
 That common chances common men could bear ;
 That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating ; fortune's blows,
 When most struck home,— being gentle wounded,
 craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

10

Vir. O Heavens ! O Heavens !

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in
 Rome,

And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !
 I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
 Droop not : adieu. — Farewell, my wife ! my mother, 20
 I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime General,
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,
 'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,

⁴ *extremity.* The folio has
Extremities.

⁵ The continuity of thought is
 suddenly broken at *struck home*,
 and *being gentle wounded* [i. e.
 gentle when wounded] is the

nominative to *craves* ; the sense,
 of course, being When Fortune's
 blows are most struck home, to
 be gentle when wounded craves
 a noble wisdom.

⁶ *fond*, foolish. (2)

As 't is to laugh at 'em. — My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace ; and
 Believe 't not lightly (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen), your son
 Will or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautious baits and practice.

30

Vol. My first son,
 Whither wilt thou go ? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while : determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the gods !
Com. I'll follow thee a month ; devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us
 And we of thee : so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' th' absence of the needer.

40

Cor. Fare ye well :
 Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That 's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate. —
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch ; when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

50

²⁸ still, ever. (n)
²⁸ cautious, crafty. *practice*,
 artifices. *first* = most beloved,
 or else, first-born. (n)
²⁸ exposure. The folio has *ex-* posture, which some editors re-
 tain.
⁴¹ *repeal*, recall. Cf. vii. 32.
 (n) ⁴⁹ *touch*, tested quality. (n)

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. — Come ; let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand. —
Come. [Exit.]

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an AEdile.

Sic. Bid them all home : he's gone, and we'll no
farther. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[Exit AEdile.]

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us : keep on your
way.

10

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Vol. O, y' are well met. The hoarded plague o' th'
gods
Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear, —

Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone ?

[*To Brutus.*]

Vir. You shall stay too. [*To Sicn.*] I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

Vol. Ay, fool ; is that a shame ? — Note but this fool. —

Was not a man my father ? Had'st thou foxship To banish him that struck more blows for Rome, Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed Heavens ! 20

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words ;

And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what — yet go : —

Nay, but thou shalt stay too. — I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Vir. What then !

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come : peace !

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country, 30

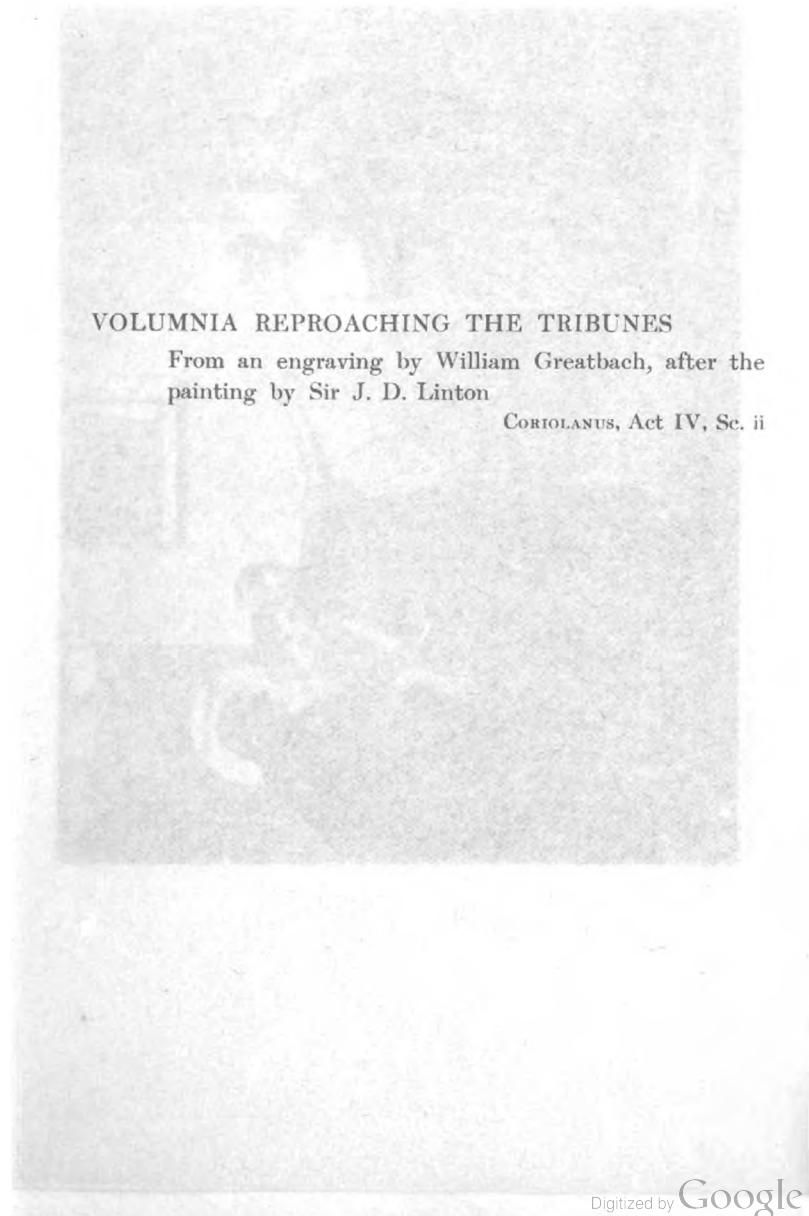
¹⁴ *be gone.* Supply "when I am talking to you." (n)

¹⁶ *mankind?* [a manlike woman]. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, II. iii. 67.

¹⁸ *foxship*, cunning. (n)

²⁴ *Arabia*, i. e. where there could be no interference with his vengeance. (n)

²⁵ Is this used ironically of *Sicinius*, or is it an apostrophe to *Coriolanus*? (n)



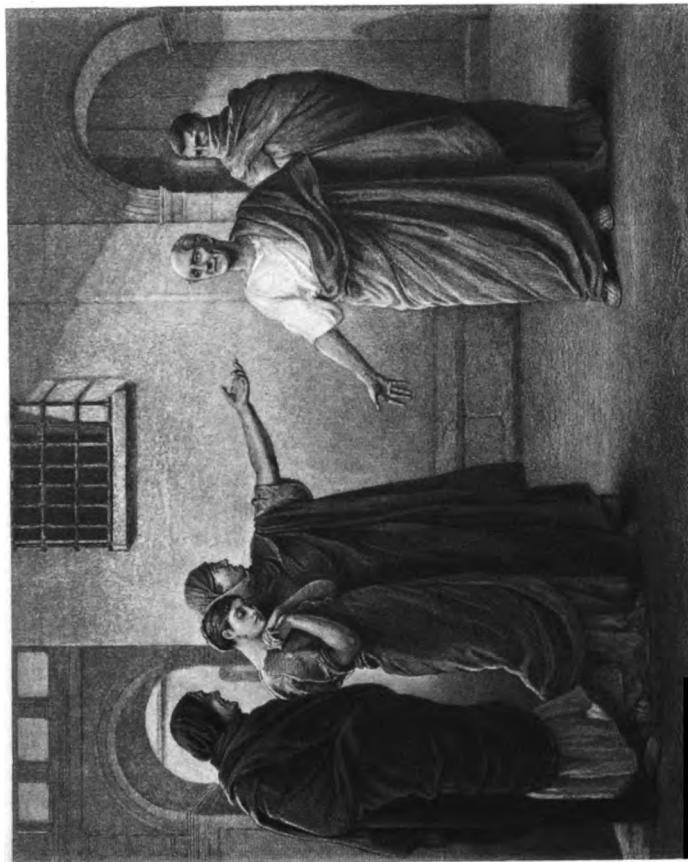
VOLUMNIA REPROACHING THE TRIBUNES

From an engraving by William Greatbach, after the
painting by Sir J. D. Linton

CORIOLANUS, Act IV, Sc. ii



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Tipografia di G. B. Baldi, Roma, 1877

As he began ; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had"! 'T was you incens'd the
rabble :

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let 's go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this :—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son, 40
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well ; we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[*Exit* Tribunes.

I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with
me ?

Vol. Anger 's my meat : I sup upon myself, 50
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !
[*Exit*.
"With, by. (n)

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Roman. I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Volsce. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No!

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the 10 Volselian State, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our State thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small 20 thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing,¹ I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

¹ *favour*, face. (a) *appear'd* [made apparent], with a jingling quibble on *beard*.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanor. 30

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most 40 strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the 50 most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

⁸⁷ *cannot choose.* Supply "but" ⁴⁴⁻⁵ *entertainment, pay.*
appear," &c. (n) ⁴⁷ *present, immediate.* (n)

Have I heard groan and drop : then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Citizen. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the State,
At 's house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you ? 10

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me : —
My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

⁵ wives, women. (n)

⁸ lies, dwells.

¹⁴ house. The folio, hours.
The text is from Collier's folio
of 1632, which Dyce also reads.
Recent editors follow the [folio.]

²² interjoin their issues, let their
children intermarry. (n)

²² hate. Steevens's correction
of the folio, haue. (w)

²⁵ way, opportunity. (n)

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Servant. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter a second Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus. 10

Enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, th' art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

M. * master. The folio has only tively—as often. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. i. 128,
12-13 companions, used deroga- and *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 132-3

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I 20
cannot get him out o' the house: pr'ythee, call my
master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray
you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marv'lous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am. 30

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station; here's no place for you. Pray you,
avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away.

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall.

[Exit.

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy. 40

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I th' city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I th' city of kites and crows? — What an
ass it is! — Then, thou dweltest with daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle 50
with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher.
Hence! [Beats him away.

³⁶ batten, fatten. (R)

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [Unmuffling.] not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I 60 am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn, Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:— thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done 70 To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name remains:

60-61, 70-100 These speeches of *Coriolanus* follow closely, in thought and phrase, North's *Plutarch*, p. 249, ed. of 1579.

⁶⁷ *shew'st*, appearest. (n)
⁷⁴ *extreme*. Accented on the first syllable. (n)
⁷⁶ *memory*, reminder. (n)

The cruelty and envy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who 80
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest :
 And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth : not out of hope
 (Mistake me not) to save my life ; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
 I would have 'voided thee ; but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge 90
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou 'rt tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present 100
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice :
 Which not to cut would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius !
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

(B) ⁷⁰ envy, hatred. Cf. L 109. ⁹¹ particular, personal. Cf.
⁸⁸ quit of, avenged upon. (B) vii. 13 = own interest. (B)
⁹⁰ heart of wreak, revengeful ⁹¹⁻² maims Of shame, shameful
 heart. (W) injuries. (B) ⁹⁸ that, if that. (B)

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
 And say, "T is true;" I'd not believe them more 110
 Than thee, all noble Marcius. — Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married: never man
 Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here, 120
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me,—
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, — 130
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear 't. O, come; go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands,

¹⁰⁰ *divins.* Accented on the first syllable. (n) first folio by *other*, which White retained — with needless scrupulosity, it would seem. (n)
¹¹⁶ *clip*, embrace. (n) ¹²⁰ *o'er-bear 't*. The folio reads
¹²⁴ *power*, army. (n) ¹²⁸ *no*. This is followed in the *ore-beats* [recent editors, *o'er-beat*].
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Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods ! 140

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission ; and set down, —
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,— thine own ways ;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes ! 150
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand : most wel-
come ! [Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

1 Serv. [Advancing.] Here's a strange alteration !

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
strucken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave
me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 Serv. What an arm he has ! He turn'd me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set
up a top.

2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was 160
something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv. He had so ; looking as it were, — Would
I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the
rarest man i' th' world.

¹⁶¹ *absolute*, perfect. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. vii. 43. ¹⁶⁵⁻⁶ *gave me*. Supply “a sus-
(a) picion that.” (a)

1 Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier than
he you wot on.

2 Serv. Who? my master?

170

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six on him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater soldier.

2 Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
say that: for the defence of a town, our General is
excellent.

1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter third Servant.

3 Serv. O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you
rascals.

180

1, 2 Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations;
I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1, 2 Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack
our General, — Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say thwack our General?

3 Serv. I do not say, thwack our General; but he
was always good enough for him.

2 Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was
ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so him-
self.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say

¹⁸⁰ wot on, know of. The folio
has wot one, which most editors
retain. on and one were then
similar in sound. See *Two
Gentlemen of Verona*, II. i. 1.
(w)

"To be direct or plain about it."
Yet, in view of the fact that to
say the truth on 't follows immedi-
ately, it may be best to explain
the word as being equivalent to
"in direct opposition or encoun-
ter," or "whenever it came to
the point." (n)

¹⁷² on, of. (n)

¹⁸⁰ directly. Rolfe explains,

the truth on't: before Coriolani, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Serv. But, more of thy news?

3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end 200 o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his 210 passage poll'd.

2 Serv. And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, shew themselves, as we term it, his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 Serv. Directitude! what's that?

3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their 220 burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

¹⁹⁴ scotch'd, hacked. (n)

¹⁹⁷ broil'd. The folio has boyl'd; but a carbonado is not boiled.

²⁰⁰ sowle, lug.

²¹¹ poll'd, cleared—used strictly of cutting the hair. (n)

²¹⁷ *directitude*. Not improbably a misprint [or a blundering coinage] for "discreditude," as Malone conjectured. Collier's folio read *dejectitude*.

²²⁰ *in blood*, in high spirits. (n)

²²¹ *conies*, rabbits. (n)

1 Serv. But when goes this forward ?

3 Serv. To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I : it exceeds peace,²³⁰ as far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than wars a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'T is so : and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a greater maker of cuckolds.

1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Serv. Reason ; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see²⁴⁰ Romans as cheap as Volscians. — They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him ; His remedies are tame. The present peace

²²⁸ presently, at once. (R)

²²⁸ parcel, part. (R)

²²⁹ waking. The folio misprints walking. [audible, alert.]

²³⁰ vent, openings, opportunity. (R)

²³³ mull'd, lacking spirit or zest, like sweetened wine. (R)

²³⁵ wars. Some editors read needlessly war's.

¹⁻⁴ The folio has a comma after tame (l. 2), a period after

And quietness o' the people, which before
 Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends
 Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
 Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
 Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
 About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Mene-
 nius? 10

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he. O, he is grown most kind
 Of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
 But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,
 And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much bet-
 ter, if
 He could have temporis'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his
 wife
 Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

hurry (l. 4), and inserts *we* after
do (l. 4.). Recent editors, fol-
 lowing Theobald, insert *i'* before
the in l. 2, but White's reading
 accords better with sense and
 rhythm. The same editors fol-

low the folio in l. 4. The Trib-
 unes, as White pertinently con-
 tends, were the last to desire
 "pestering" or thronging the
 streets (l. 7). (n)

¹⁶ *But with*, except by. (n)

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it; and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Article

A.D.

Worthy Tribunes.

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Mcn.

'T is Aufidius.

²² *affecting*, i. e. endeavouring to win. (R)

²⁰ powers, armies. Cf. I. 67.
(B)

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd — It cannot be

The Volsces dare break with us.

We have record that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

⁶⁴ *information* — put for informant. (n)
⁶⁵ *come*. The folio has *comming*. The participial termina-
tion was most probably caught from the end of the preceding line.
⁶⁶ *deliv'or'd*, reported. (n)

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish 70
God Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them. 80

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !
Men. What news ? what news ?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters,
and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ; —
Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

⁷¹ *God.* The folio has *Good* [and, despite the weakness of the epithet, is followed by recent editors]. The reading is from Collier's folio of 1632. Cf. IV. vi. 91 and *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 169.
⁷² *atones*, agree.
⁷³ *holp*, helped — as often. (n)

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news ? —
You have made fair work, I fear me. — Pray, your
news ? —
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians, —

Com. He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
work.

Bru. But is this true, sir ?
Com. Ay ; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the legions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist

⁸⁸ *coment.* Accented on the
first syllable. (n)

⁸⁸ *voice of occupation*, i. e. votes
of the working class. (n)

¹⁰⁰ *As*, as if. (n)

¹⁰⁸ *legions*. The folio [followed
by recent editors] has *Regions* ;
but, considering the context,

smilingly revolt, valiant ignorance,
and *constant fools*, and that the
folio has twice elsewhere the mis-
print *regions* for *legions*, there
should apparently be very little
hesitation in accepting the read-
ing of Collier's folio of 1632
(w)

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people 110
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him,
even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. "T is true.
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." — You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts; you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought 120
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S' incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.

Com. But I fear
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

118 charg'd, would charge. (n)

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
 And is Aufidius with him?—You are they 130
 That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
 Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
 Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming:
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter:
 If he could burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.
 1 *Cit.* For mine own part, 140
 When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.
 3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
 very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;
 and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
 yet it was against our will.

Com. Y' are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
 Good work, you and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: 150
 These are a side that would be glad to have
 This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
 let's home. I ever said, we were i' th' wrong, when we
 banish'd him.

¹⁴⁸ *cry*, pack. (n)

¹⁵¹ *side*, faction. (n)

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. — Would half my wealth 160
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE VII. — *A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat.
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature 10
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,

* own, i. e. men. (n)

16 of, by. (n)

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state,
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
 That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
 Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
 And the nobility of Rome are his :
 The senators and patricians love him too. 30
 The Tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them, but he could not
 Carry his honours even : whether 't was pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From th' casque to th' cushion, but commanding
 peace,
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war ; but one of these
 (As he hath splices of them all, not all,

²⁸ *sits down*, i. e. undertakes a to that which some snakes are
 regular siege. (n) said to have over birds.

²⁹ *repeal*, recall. Cf. V. v. 5. ³⁷ *even*, with proper balance.
 (n)

³⁴⁻⁵ It was supposed that the ⁴¹ *nature*. Supply "which de-
 osprey had a power over fish akin
 (n)

For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utt'rance. So our virtues
 Lie in th' interpretation of the time; 50
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T F I V E.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.

MENENIUS. No, I'll not go: you hear what he
 hath said,
 Which was sometime his General; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
 But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
 To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

⁴⁹⁻⁵⁰ So . . . hath done. See
 Supplementary Notes. (n)

⁵⁰ falter. The folio has *fouler*.
 The emendation is Dyce's. [Cam-
 bridge retains the folio reading,
 which certainly makes a puzzling
 passage. Dyce's reading, *falter*,

though not altogether convinc-
 ing, is generally regarded as the
 best attempt to amend the pas-
 sage.]

⁵¹ dear particular, intimately
 personal way. (n)

⁵² coy'd, disdained. (n)

Men.

Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
 That we have bled together. Coriolanus
 He would not answer to ; forbade all names :
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 Till he had forg'd himself a name o' th' fire
 Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
 A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
 To make coals cheap, — a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to pardon
 When it was least expected : he replied,
 It was a bare petition of a state 20
 To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well : could he say less ?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
 For 's private friends : his answer to me was,
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile
 Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 't was folly,
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
 And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two !
 I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
 And this brave fellow too ; we are the grains : 30
 You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
 Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse your aid
 In this so never-needed help, yet do not
 Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
 Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,

¹⁶ rack'd, struggled. (n)

often spelled *laste* [but recent edi-

¹⁹ least. The folio has *lesee*, —
 an easy misprint when *least* was

tors follow the folio].

²² offer'd, tried. (n)

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do 40
For Rome towards Marcius.

Men. Well ; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then ? —
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? say 't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake it :
I think he 'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not din'd : 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore, I 'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him, 60

⁸⁷ instant, immediately raised. proportionate to the goodness of
(n) your intentions. (n)
⁸⁸ that, such. after, etc., as is ⁸⁹ well, at a good season. (n)
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Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.

[Exit.]

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic.

Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold : his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome ; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him ;
T was very faintly he said, "Rise ;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand ; what he would do,
He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions :

So that all hope is vain,

70

Unless in 's noble mother and his wife ;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*An Outpost of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 Guard. Stay : whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men : 't is well ; but, by your leave,

^{as} in gold, i. e. in great maj-
esty. (n)

^{as} It seems likely that a line
has been lost, or perhaps two,
after l. 68. As it stands, the pas-
sage is incomprehensible. [There
seems to be no possibility of re-
storing the text or of making a
very plausible guess at the mean-
ing. Perhaps *Cominius* meant to

say that *Coriolanus* had bound the
Volscians to comply with his con-
ditions, and that therefore there
was no use in endeavouring to
work upon their chiefs, and so
all hope was vain.]

^{as} in's. The folio [followed by
recent editors] has *his*, but *unless*
cannot mean "except in," and
even so this would be absurd.

I am an Officer of State, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass; you must return: our
General

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your General talk of Rome,

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,

10

My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover: I have been

The book of his good acts, whence men have read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;

For I have ever magnified my friends

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

20

I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

¹⁰ lots to blanks, i. e. reasonably
certain. (a)

¹⁸ passable, i. e. a password.

(n)

¹⁴ lover, i. e. dear friend.

¹⁷ magnified. The folio [and
recent editors, but with lame inter-
pretation], verified. Amplified in

the previous clause, and all the
size in this, seem fully to justify
the change, which was made by
Hammer and Collier's MS.

²⁰ subtle, smooth [and hence
deceptive].

²² stamp'd the leasing, given the
lie the sanction that a coin has.

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your General.

30

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy General is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemn'd; our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 G. My General cares not for you. Back, I say:

²⁰ *Factionary on the party of,*
taking sides with. (n)

⁴¹ *front,* confront. (n)
⁴⁴ *dotant,* dotard. (n)

go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood, — back, — that's the utmost of your having — back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: 60 you shall perceive that a Jack *guardant* cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench 70 it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs 80 Are servanted to others: though I owe

⁶⁶ *utmost of your having*, i. e. all you'll get. (a)

⁶⁹ *companion*, used in a contemptuous sense. (a)

⁶¹ *Jack guardant*, i. e. official, officious intersteller. (a)

⁸² *by*, supplied by Malone.

⁶⁵ *presently*, at once. (a)

⁷¹ *hardly*, with difficulty. (a)

⁷³ *our*. The folio, *your* [which recent editors retain].

⁸¹⁻⁴ I. e. The vengeance is mine, but the right to remit it belongs to the Volsces. (a)

My revenge properly, my remission lies
 In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
 Than pity note how much. — Therefore, begone :
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
 Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a paper.*

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
 I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius, 90
 Was my belov'd in Rome : yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power. You
 know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
 your greatness back ?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General : for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's 100
 any, y' are so slight. He that hath a will to die by
 himself, fears it not from another. Let your General
 do his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and
 your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I
 was said to, Away !

[*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our General : he 's the
 rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*

" poison. Although the old text
 may be accepted as meaning " In-
 grate forgetfulness shall poison the
 memory of our old friendship," it
 is not improbable that poison [de-
 stroy] is a corruption.

⁸⁷ for, because. (n)

⁸⁸ shent, rebuked, scolded.

¹⁰¹ by, i. e. through the agency
 of. (n)

¹⁰⁸ wind-shaken, i. e. seriously
 damaged by the wind. (n)

SCENE III. — *The Tent of CORIOLANUS.**Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. — My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ; 10
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him ; for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded, too : fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. — Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.* 20
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made ? I will not. —

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA leading
young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost ; then, the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

* plainly, without conceal- 15 to grace, in order to honour.
ment. (n) (n)
* them, themselves. (n) 20 trunk, body. (n)

The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
 What is that curt'sy worth ? or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsown ?—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
 As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
 In supplication nod ; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries, “Deny not.”—Let the Volsces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I 'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now, 40
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say
 For that, “Forgive our Romans.”—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now, by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world

²² *aspect*, accented on the second syllable. (n)

²³ *to*, as to. (n)

²⁴ *delivers*, presents. (n)

²⁵ *out*, put out, flustered. (a)

²⁶ *Queen of Heaven*. Juno, guardian of marriage. (n)

²⁷ *virgin'd it*, usually explained as “been as a virgin”; yet it might mean “kept it,” i. e. the kiss, pure. (n) *prate*. The folio misprints, *pray*. Theobald's conjecture.

Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' th' earth ; [Kneels. 50
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murth'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by th' interpretation of full time,
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

^{as} *holp*, i. e. [helped. Cf. vi. 36.] ⁱⁿ *supreme*, accented on the
The folio has *hops*, which Rowe first syllable, as sometimes in
corrected. (w) Milton also. (n)

^{as} *The moon*, i. e. the Diana. ⁱⁿ *flaw*, gusty wind. (n)
(n)

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That 's my brave boy !

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The things I have forsown to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !

You have said you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear naught from Rome in private. — Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

20-1 I. e. You must not hold it a denial of *your* wish that I keep my oath. (2) sponding passage of North's *Plutarach*. (w)
" evils, accented on the second

94-126 This speech is remarkable for its conformity to the corresponding rules of accentuation, as set forth in the preceding section. The first word of the first line is accented on the second syllable. The verse is far from strong, metrically speaking. (B)

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ; 100

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win ; for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphant tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune till
 These wars determine : if I cannot persuade thee 120
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country than to tread
 (Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. 'A shall not tread on me :
 I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,

¹⁰⁴ *capital*, deadly. (n)

¹²⁰ *determine*, end. (n)

Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130
I have sat too long. [Rising.]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have shew'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great

son, 140

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ, — "The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorrd." Speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate

¹⁴⁹ *fines*. The folio has *fius*. ¹⁵⁵ *Still*, ever, always — as fre-

¹⁵² *charge*. The folio has *change*. quently. (n)

Like one i' th' stocks. — Thou hast never in thy life 160
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague
 thee

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride, 170
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
 This is the last ; — so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold 's :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny 't. — Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child
 Like him by chance. — Yet give us our dispatch : 180
 I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
 And then I 'll speak a little.

[*He takes VOLUMNIA by the hand, which he holds
 for a time in silence.*

Cor. O mother, mother !
 What have you done ? Behold ! the Heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O,
 You have won a happy victory to Rome ;

¹⁷⁶ *reason, lend argumentative* *obvious blunder caught from the
 support to. (a)* *line above [but retained by recent
 179 this. The folio, his — an* *editors].*

But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it, —
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him ! But let it come.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were :
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray
you,

Stand to me in this cause. — O mother ! wife !

Auf. [Aside.] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy
and thy honour 200
At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ;
[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

¹⁹⁷ advise, inform. (a)

²⁰² former. The folio has for-
mer — clearly a trifling misprint
(though retained by recent edit-
ors, as though *Aufidius* referred
to his earlier power. Cf. vi. 49.

The indefinite article makes
against this reading. *by and by*,
immediately].

²⁰³ drink. No good emenda-
tion has been suggested of this
apparent corruption. (a)

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' th' Capitol; yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him: but I say, there is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

10

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his 20 eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

¹ coign, corner. (n)

² stay upon, wait for. (n)

¹⁰ condition, nature. (n)

²² state, chair of state—as often. *made for* is probably used, as Rolfe says, to indicate that Co-

riolanus sits like a statue of Alexander the Great, yet it might possibly mean "to play the part of," i. e. as a conqueror of the world. *a thing* strengthens the idea that a statue is meant. (n)

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of 30 you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house. The plebeians have got your fellow-Tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home They 'll give him death by inches. 40

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news! — The ladies have prevail'd, The Volscians are dislodg'd and Marcus gone. A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it! Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,

²⁷ in the character, to the life. “swollen”; yet it may refer to
(B) the action of the wind on waves.
²⁸ blown, usually explained as (B)

As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you ! 50
 [Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten,
 all together. Shouting also within.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
 Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [Shouting again.

Men. This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day :
 This morning for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[Shouting and music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings :
 next, 60

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
 And help the joy. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, and Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and Citizens.
 They pass over the stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome !
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

“sun dance.” Possibly there on Easter day. Cf. Suckling’s
 is an allusion here to the old “Ballad of a Wedding.” (n)
 fancy that the sun danced for joy “doit.” Cf. I. v. 6. (n)

And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them.
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius ;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother :
Cry, — Welcome, ladies, welcome : —

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Coriolis. *A Public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' th' city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 Conspirator. How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so 10

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

⁵ *Repeal, recall. (R)*

• *Him*, he whom. (R)

ports, gates. (B)

15 *Of, from.* (r)

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of
 either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
 And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth : who being so heighten'd,
 He watered his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends ; and to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
 When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
 By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
 Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth ;
 Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
 Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
 In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
 In mine own person ; holp to reap the fame
 Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
 I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
 He waged me with his countenance, as if
 I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord ;
 The army marvell'd at it ; and, in the last,

²⁰ *pretext*, accented on the second syllable. (R)

²⁷ *stoutness*, obstinacy. (R)

²⁷ *did end*, made in the end.

⁴⁰ *waged*, etc., gave me his countenance as wages [i. e. paid

me with his patronage and approval].

When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf. There was it ;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts
of the people.]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post, 50
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.
Here come the lords.

60

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

^{as} carried, i. e. practically taken. (n)

^{as} at your vantage, when you think fittest. (n)

^{as} stretch'd, i. e. exercised. (n)

^{as} way, i. e. of telling the cir-

^{to} post, post-boy, messenger. (n)

cumstances. (n)

Lords.

1 Lord.

We have.

And grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines ; but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, — this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him.

70

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drum and colours ; a crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates, 80
Than shame to th' Romans ; and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by th' Consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

^{as} *charge*, cost. Cf. l. '79. (n)

¹¹ *soldier*, three syllables. (n)

¹² *my country's love*, love for
my country. (n)

¹³ *parted*, departed. ¹⁴ *still sub-*

¹⁵ *sisting*, always remaining. (n)

¹⁶ *patricians*, here four syllables. (n)

Cor. Traitor! — How now! —

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli? —

90

You Lords and heads o' the State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt your city, Rome, —
I say your city, — to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel o' th' war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. "Boy"! O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, — that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

110

» 1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

"o' th' war, with regard to marked, No more than a boy.
the war. (n)

(w)

"That = so that — as often.

107 notion, sense, understanding.

Cf. l. 151. (a)

Who, l. 108, seems to refer to

108 No more, i. e., as Mason re-

the pronoun, not the noun. (n)

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — “Boy” ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it. — “Boy” !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
Fore your own eyes and ears ?

120

Conspirators. Let him die for 't.

Citizens. Tear him to pieces ; do it presently. He
kill'd my son ; — my daughter : — he kill'd my cousin
Marcus : — he kill'd my father. —

2 Lord. Peace, ho ! — no outrage : — peace !
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

130

Auf. Insolent villain !

Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill*
CORIOLANUS, who falls : AUFIDIUS stands on
him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus ! —

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

¹¹⁸ *Flutter'd.* The folio mis- ¹²² *presently,* instantly.
prints *Flutter'd.* ¹²⁶ *judicious,* judicial. (n)

3 Lord. Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet. —

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours 140
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded,
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up: —
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. — 150
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. —

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.

120 *did owe you*, exposed you to. 122 *Trail*, &c. This mode of
(n) showing honour to the dead is an

124 *His own*, i. e. *Coriolanus*. 126 *memory*, memorial. (n)

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

It will be observed that most of the corrections of the folio, the only text of the play, have been in matters of punctuation and the reading of metrical lines. In these matters this particular text is very faulty, there being no quarto to suggest the corrected form. To Pope is due the greater number of these metrical rearrangements and distributions of lines, — something that should not be forgotten in the general abuse of Pope as an editor of Shakespeare. Pope, at least, understood metrical language, as distinguished from disordered words and prose.

- I. i. 7. *Martius*. So Rowe throughout. The folios, *Martius*, often.
- I. i. 16. *on*. So the two later folios. The first two, *one*. *on* and *ons* are often confused, formerly being pronounced alike. Cf. Note ii. 4.
- I. i. 26. *Marcus?* The last two folios, *Martius?* The first two, *Martius* with full stop.
- I. i. 34. [2 Cit.] Malone's reading. The folios, *All*.
- I. i. 46. *o'the*. The first two folios, *a'th*; the third, *a'th'*; the fourth, *o'th'*, which is White's usual reading. Cf. I. 98 below.
- I. i. 54-5. Theobald's division as two lines. The folios print as three lines, dividing after *hand* and *matter*.
- I. i. 56. [1 Cit.] Capell's reading throughout the rest of the scene for folio, 2 Cit.
- I. i. 58. *shew 'em*. The first two folios, *show om*; the last two, *show 'm*. *Cambridge*, as usual, *show 'em*.
- I. i. 61-2. *Why . . . yourselves?* The folios end the first line after *honest*.
- I. i. 65. *of you*. *For your wants*. Johnson's punctuation. The first two folios, *of you for your wants*, with full stop after *wants*; and so the third folio, save with comma after *wants*. The fourth folio has a comma both after *you* and after *wants*.
- I. i. 92-4. *Well . . . deliver*. Capell's reading as prose. The folios as four lines dividing after *Well . . . thinks . . . tales*.
- I. i. 93. *an't*. Hanmer's reading. The folios, *and 't*, as often.
- I. i. 98. *o'th'*. So the fourth folio. The first two folios, *a'th'*; the third, *a'th'*. So I. 121, v. 27, *o'th'*, the folio, *a'th'*; vi. 47, the folio, *a'th'*. Cf. I. 46, above.

I. i. 99. *cupbording*. The folios, *cupbording*, bringing out the pronunciation.

I. i. 104. *The belly answer'd*. Rowe began the new sentence with these words. The first two and fourth folios have a comma after *body* preceding, and the third folio a semicolon.

I. i. 106. This line is here set as in the folio. White ended the previous line with *Well, sir*, beginning line 105 with *What*.

I. i. 106. *With a kind of smile*. Theobald's punctuation, beginning a new sentence. The folios run together with *I shall tell you* preceding.

I. i. 118-19. *What then? . . . what then?* Capell's arrangement. The folios print as two lines dividing after *speakes*.

I. i. 123. *I will tell you*. The comma after this in White's text has been altered to a semicolon.

I. i. 125. *you 'll hear*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *you 'st hear*.

I. i. 126. *Y'are*. So the folios. *Cambridge* follows Capell, *You're this, good friend*. The necessary comma, in the fourth folio, is omitted in the first three folios.

I. i. 144. *flour*. Knight's reading. The folio, *flowre*.

I. i. 145. *to 't*. So the last two folios. The first folio, as frequently, *too 't*. *to* and *too* are different forms of the same word originally. So I. 228; iv. 40. Also ix. 94, *to*; the folio, *too*.

I. i. 149. The semicolon after *cares*, from the folio, has been changed to a comma.

I. i. 162. *bale*. Theobald's reading. The folio, *baile*.

I. i. 171. *geese: you are no surer*. Theobald's punctuation. The folios, *Geese you are: No surer*.

I. i. 177. *sick man's*. The folio, *sickmans*. So I. 207, *rich men*; the folio, *Richmen*.

I. i. 183. *vile*. The folio, as usual, has *vilde*, the older spelling.

I. i. 216. *not — 'Sdeath*. Rowe's reading. The folio has a full stop for the dash and omits the apostrophe.

I. i. 220. *insurrection's*. The apostrophe is Theobald's, being omitted in the folios.

I. i. 231. *Go; get*. The folios, *Go get*, as usual, without any mark [*hastily*], added from the folio. White's text followed Rowe in omitting it.

I. i. 233. *Volces*. Collier's reading. The folio, *Volciss*. Cf. iv. 28; x. 5, *Volces*; the folio, *Volca*.

I. i. 234. *have*. So the fourth folio. The first three folios, *ha*, and *Cambridge*, *ha'*.

I. i. 235. *See, our*. The comma is Rowe's. The folios, *See our* [*Junius Brutus*]. The folio, *Annius Brutus*, corrected in the fourth folio. The first folio also misprints *Cominius* for *Cominius*, corrected in the second.

I. i. 238. *Lartius*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *Lucius*. In l. 239 *Tullus'*, the apostrophe is Pope's, not being in the folio.

I. i. 243, 247. [1 *Sen.*] Rowe's reading. The folios, *Sen.* But above ll. 226, 235, 1 *Senator* and 1 *Sen.*, the folio, 1 *Sen.*

I. i. 244. *Lead you on*. *Cambridge*, accepting a conjecture of Malone's, prefixes to these words the stage direction [To *Com.*] and in the next line before *Follow*, *Cominius* inserts [To *Mar.*].

I. i. 244-6. *Lead . . . priority*. Pope's arrangement as verse. The folios print as prose.

I. i. 249. *mutinors*. Rowe's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *mutinors*.

I. i. 253. *people*, — The dash, denoting interruption, is in the last two folios. The first two have a full stop.

I. i. 258-262. *Such a nature . . . Cominius*. Pope's arrangement as verse. The folios print as prose.

I. i. 263. *he's*. So the first folio, which is restored. White's text, *he is*, the reading of the later folios.

I. i. 271. *Come*. Theobald's division at the end of the line. The folios print at the beginning of the following line.

I. i. 272. *Cominius'*. The apostrophe is Pope's.

I. i. 275. *aught*. Theobald's reading. The folios, *ought*.

I. ii. 4. *been*. The usual folio spelling is *bin*, still kept in the pronunciation.

I. ii. 9. *press'd*. Capell's spelling. The folios, *prest*.

I. ii. 13. *Who . . . you*. White's text had this line in parentheses. These have been omitted, and instead a comma has been inserted at the end of the line.

I. ii. 16. *Whither*. The first two folios, *Whether*, as often.

I. ii. 19. White had a comma after *folly*, which has been omitted; also after *veil'd*, l. 20. Commas in White's text have also been deleted in the following lines: After *looks*, I. iv. 58; *that*, II. i. 63; *those*, II. ii. 25; *eyes*, II. ii. 29; *held*, II. ii. 83; *spirit*, II. iii. 188; *hence*, III. i. 245; *fortune*, III. ii. 60; and after *say*, III. iii. 105.

I. ii. 20. *veil'd*. The first two folios spell *vayl'd*.

I. ii. 27, 28. *Coriolii*: *If . . . before's, for*. The colon at the end of l. 27 and the comma after the conditional clause, are from the fourth folio. The first three folios have no mark at the end of the line; but in return, the first folio has the colon and the second and third folios have a full stop after the conditional clause.

I. ii. 30. *They've*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *Th' have*.

I. iii. 8. *king's*. Johnson's reading. *Cambridge*, after Theobald, *kings'*. The folios, *kings*, without apostrophe as usual.

I. iii. 9. *sell*. The first two folios spell *sel*. So iv. 6, *sell*; the folio, *sel*.

I. iii. 27. The apostrophe before *Bessech* has been omitted. Also in III. i. 214, 234.

I. iii. 36. *that's*. The first folio, *that*. The second folio, *thats*. The later folios, *what's*.

I. iii. 37. *loss*. The usual folio spelling is *loose*. So vii. 4.

I. iii. 40. *trophy*. The first folio spells *Trophe*, corrected in the second folio.

I. iii. 46. *Aufidius*'. The apostrophe is not in the folio, of course. These cases with proper names need no further mention.

I. iii. 52. *sowing*. The first three folios spell *sowing*.

I. iii. 56. *Schoolmaster*. White had a hyphen.

I. iii. 57, 58. O'. Theobald's reading, as usual. The folios, *A*. In l. 58 the second o' is Rowe's reading, the folios having *a*. Cf. l. 108, *o'*; the folios, *a*.

I. iii. 59. *Wednesday*. The first two folios, *Wensday*. *has*. The folio, *ha's*, i. e. he has, which Steevens unnecessarily read.

I. iii. 71. *No . . . doors*. Pope's reading as a line of prose. The folios print as two short lines.

I. iii. 81. [Vir.] The first folio misprints *Vleg* for *Viry*.

I. iii. 83. *yarn*. The first two folios spell *yearne*.

I. iii. 84. *Ithaca*. The first two folios, *Athica*.

I. iii. 97. *whom*. The first folio, *whō*, i. e. whom.

I. iii. 99. *Corioli*. The folio, *Carioles*, instead of the usual *Corioles*.

I. iii. 104-110. *Let her . . . mirth*. Pope's arrangement as prose. The folios have nine lines, ending *now . . . mirth . . . would . . . Ladie . . . doors . . . with us . . . No . . . not . . . mirth*.

I. iii. 104. *as she is now*. The first three folios have a comma before *as* and a colon after *now*, thus distributing this clause with the preceding *Let her alone, lady*, instead of with what follows.

I. iv. 1. Pope's arrangement as a single line. Two short lines in the folios. So ll. 15, 25.

I. iv. 13. *Aufidius*. The folio, *Auffidius*. So l. 20.

I. iv. 17. *us up*. *Our gates*. The first two folios have no mark, but run straight on. The third folio has a comma after *up*, and the fourth folio a semicolon. *Cambridge* has a colon.

I. iv. 19. *far off*. The first three folios have no mark; the fourth folio, a full stop. *Cambridge* follows Dyce and treats as an exclamation.

I. iv. 42. *followed*. The first folio misprints *followers*, doubtless catching the *s* from *trenches*. [follows them to the gates.] The folios add *and is shut in*.

I. iv. 44. *followers fortune widens*. The first two folios have a comma after *Fortune*; the last two have one after *followers*. Either is confusing to the sense.

I. iv. 51. *Clapp'd to*. The folios, *Clapt to*. White's text had an unnecessary hyphen, which has been deleted.

I. iv. 54. *stands*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *stand'st*.

I. iv. 55. *entire*. The first two folios, *intire*.
 I. iv. 56. *Wore*. The same first two folios, *Wear*.
 I. v. 5. *drachma*. Singer's reading. The first two folios, *Drachma*.
 White's text, *drachm*, from the last two folios, has been altered.
 I. v. 7. *these base slaves*. The first two folios begin a new sentence with these words; the later folios have the comma preceding. Conversely, in the next line, *pack up* and *Down with them* are separated only by a comma in the folio. In l. 9 *To him!* has no mark at all in the first two folios, and only a comma in the later two.
 I. v. 19-20. *Than . . . appear, and fight*. Capell's arrangement. The folios print as a long line.
 I. v. 26. *Go, sound*. Theobald's punctuation. The folios, *Go sound*.
 I. vi. 4. *struck*. The folio, as often, *strooke*, an older form.
 I. vi. 21. *Who's*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *Whose*.
 I. vi. 22. *slay'd*. Rowe's reading. The folio, *Flead*.
 I. vi. 24. *Before-time*. The hyphen, not in the folios, is Hanmer's.
 I. vi. 30-1. *woo'd*; in *heart As*. Theobald's punctuation. The folios put the semicolon after *heart*.
 I. vi. 32-3. *Flower . . . Lartius*. Distributed by Pope. One long line in the folios.
 I. vi. 43. Dashes have been substituted for White's parentheses and *A plague!* has been changed to *a plague!*
 I. vi. 49-50. *Marcius . . . purpose*. The arrangement of the folios is retained. Capell began new lines at *We have* and *Retire*, and is followed by *Cambridge*.
 I. vi. 51. *which*. The first folio, *wh*, i. e. which. The later folios, *what*.
 I. vi. 57-9. *By th' blood . . . Antiates*. Pope's arrangement. The folios print as four lines ending *together . . . mads . . . set me . . . Antiates*.
 I. vi. 60-1. *but . . . advanc'd*. The folios enclose these words in parentheses.
 I. vi. 76. *Oh me, alone!* *Make you a sword of me?* The folios punctuate very faultily *Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:*
 I. vi. 81. *Though thanks to all*. White's text followed the folio and enclosed these words in parentheses. The parentheses have been deleted as unnecessary. *the rest*. Boswell's arrangement at the end of the line. The folios place the words at the beginning of the following line.
 I. viii. 6-7. *If . . . hare*. Theobald's division. A single line in the folios.
 I. viii. 7. *Halloo*. The folios, *hollow*. *Cambridge, Holloa*.
 I. viii. 14. *'scape*. White omitted the apostrophe.
 I. ix. 7. *plebeians*. The first three folios, *Plebeans*.

I. ix. 13-14. *my mother, . . . blood.* Pope's distribution in the two lines. One line in the folios.

I. ix. 15-17. *Whon she . . . country.* Hanmer's arrangement. The folios end the lines at *grieves me . . . what I can . . . Country.*

I. ix. 19-22. *You . . . traduement.* Pope's arrangement, the folios ending the lines after *deserving . . . her owne . . . a Theft . . . Traduement.*

I. ix. 32. *Wherof . . . store.* White's text placed these words in parentheses, which have been deleted, and a comma has been substituted after *store*, from Rowe's text.

I. ix. 35-6. *Before . . . choice.* The arrangement of the folios has been retained. *Cambridge* followed Theobald, placing *At* at the close of the preceding line.

I. ix. 50-1. *You . . . hyperbolical.* Knight's division into two lines. The folios have one long line.

I. ix. 50. *shoot.* So the fourth folio. The first three folios, *shoot.*

I. ix. 53. *saw'd.* The first three folios spell *saw' st.*

I. ix. 56-57. *Like . . . harm.* White's text enclosed these words in parentheses, following the folio. These have been deleted as unnecessary, and commas substituted in their place.

I. ix. 65-6. *CAIUS . . . ever!* Steevens' division as two lines. The folios print as one long line.

I. ix. 67. *[All].* The folios, *Omnis*, i. e. *All.*

I. ix. 68, 79, 82, 90. *[Mar.]* So the folios. *Cambridge* follows Steevens in assigning these speeches to *Coriolanus.*

I. ix. 74. *Where, ere.* The comma, omitted in the first three folios, is found in the fourth folio.

I. ix. 79-81. *The gods . . . General.* Hanmer's arrangement. The folios end the lines *mocke me . . . gifts . . . Generall.*

I. ix. 81. *Take it.* Johnson's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *Take't.*

I. x. 2. *[i Sol.]* Capell's designation. The folios, *Sould*, i. e. *Soldier.* Sol. 16, folio, *Sol.*; ll. 29, 33 folio, *Soul.*

I. x. 12. *He's mine.* So the folio. White's text read *He is mine.*

I. x. 15. *True sword to sword.* Instead of the comma after this phrase, the folios have faultily a colon.

I. x. 17. *valour's.* The folio, as usual, *valors*, without apostrophe.

I. x. 20. *fane.* The folios spell *Phane.*

I. x. 29. *Embarquement all of fury.* White's text marked off *all* with commas, not in the folio.

I. x. 30. *cypress.* Rowe's reading. The folios, as usual, *Cypruse.*

I. x. 31. *mills.* The first two folios spell *Mils.*

II. i. 1. *augurer.* The first folio, *Agurer.*

II. i. 18. *with all.* The first two folios, *withall.*

II. i. 25. *now,—* The dash is Capell's. The folios have only the comma.

II. i. 31. *pleasures; at the least, if.* Theobald's punctuation. The folios enclose *at the least* in parentheses, and have no other mark.

II. i. 32-3. *You blame Marcus for being proud?* The question mark is Capell's. The folios have a full stop.

II. i. 37. *too.* The first folio, *to.* The two forms were formerly interchangeable. So, I. 51, *upon too*, where the folio has *vppon, to.*

II. i. 42. [Bru.] Rowe's reading. The first three folios, and Cambridge, *Both.* In I. 24 above [Both Trib.] the first two folios had *Both*, but the last two, *Bru.*

II. i. 49. *Tiber.* White's text, *Tyber.* So III. i. 260.

II. i. 54. *weals-men.* White's text, *weals-men*, with hyphen needlessly.

II. i. 57. *cannot say.* Capell's reading. The folios, *can say.* Cambridge follows Theobald, *can't say.*

II. i. 61. *tell you you.* Pope first inserted the additional *you.*

II. i. 64. *bisson.* Theobald's reading. The folio, *beosome.* Cf. III. i. 131, Note on *bisson multitude.*

II. i. 70. *orange.* The first three folios spell *orenge.* *fosset.* The same folios spell *Forset*; the fourth, *Fauset.*

II. i. 85. *When . . . purpose, it.* Based on Rowe's punctuation. The first three folios have a comma before *when* and a full stop after *purpose.*

II. i. 88. *ass's.* The folios, *Asses*, without apostrophe, as usual.

II. i. 92. *Good den.* The folio, *Godden*; Cambridge, *God-den.*

II. i. 94. *plebeians.* The first folio, as before, *Plebeans.*

II. i. 96. *my as fair as noble.* The folios placed these words in parentheses.

II. i. 106. [Two Ladies]. So the folios. Cambridge follows Capell and names them, *Virgilia* and *Valeria.*

II. i. 112. *saw it.* The folios and Cambridge, *saw't.*

II. i. 121-2. *Brings a victory*, i. e. brings he victory. The folios, *Brings a victory*, and Theobald first interpreted *a* as *a'* for "he." White's text, *Brings a victory*, treating *a* as the indefinite article.

II. i. 125. *Has.* The first three folios, as often, *Ha's.* So ll. 133, 145.

II. i. 129. *an.* The folios, *and*, as usual.

II. i. 130. *fidiu'sd.* The folios, *fiddious'd.*

II. i. 141. *pow, waw.* The folio reading, except for the comma. Capell, followed by Cambridge, *pow, waw.*

II. i. 158-9. Pope's arrangement as prose. The folios as three lines, ending *Martius: . . . Noyse; . . . Teares.*

II. i. 168-73. Pope's arrangement as verse. The folios print ll. 168-171, *No more . . . prosperitie*, as prose; the rest as three lines ending *up: . . . Caius, . . . nam'd.*

II. i. 178. *wear.* So the latest folios. The first folio, *were.*

II. i. 180. [Cor.] The folios, *Com.*, a misprint.

II. i. 181-2. Pope's arrangement. The folios print as three lines ending *turne . . . Generall, . . . all.*

II. i. 183-91. Pope's arrangement. The folios divide the lines after *Welcomes: . . . laugh, . . . welcome: . . . heart, . . . thee . . . on: . . . have . . . home, . . . Rallish . . . Warriors: . . . Nettle; . . . folly. . . Ever right.*

II. i. 186. *You.* The folio, by a simple misprint, *Yon.*

II. i. 189. *relish.* The first folio spells *Rallish.*

II. i. 200-1. *Only . . . thee.* Capell's arrangement. The folios print as short lines ending *wanting, . . . Rome . . . thee.*

II. i. 203. *Than.* The first folio, *Then*, another form of the word.

II. i. 209-10. Pope's arrangement. The folios print as three lines, ending *eye him: . . . smother'd up, . . . hors'd.*

II. i. 215. *in.* Pope's position at the end of the line. The folios place *In* at the beginning of the following line.

II. i. 217. *pather.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *pather.*

II. i. 219, 248. *human.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *humane*, another form of the word. So III. i. 141.

II. i. 220-2. *On . . . sleep.* Pope's arrangement and division of the lines. The folios print as two long lines: *On . . . Consull and Then . . . sleepe.*

II. i. 226-8. *Doubt not . . . honours.* The folios end the lines *Doubt not, . . . but they . . . forget . . . Honors.* Cambridge follows them, except that at the end of the last line it follows Pope in adding *which.* In l. 229, *Which . . . question*, White's text follows the folios, reading however, *he'll for he will.*

II. i. 233. *napless.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *Naples.*

II. i. 236-8. *It . . . nobles.* Steevens' arrangement. The folios print as four short lines ending *word: . . . carry it, . . . to him, . . . Nobles.*

II. i. 237. *o' the.* Pope read *o' th'*, as often. The folios, *of the.*

II. i. 238-40. *I wish . . . execution.* Pope's arrangement and distribution as verse. The folios print as prose. So ll. 241-2, *It shall . . . destruction.* Rowe's distribution, where the folios again print as prose.

II. i. 243. *For an end.* Pope's punctuation, throwing the phrase with what follows. The folios printed with a comma preceding and a full stop after, connecting the phrase with what went before.

II. i. 246. *pleaders, and.* Pope's arrangement of the line. The folios place *And* at the beginning of the following line.

II. i. 250. *their war.* The folio, *their Warre.* Cambridge follows Hanmer, *the war.*

II. i. 259-62. *You are . . . gloves.* Steevens' arrangement. Cambridge adopts Dyce's order, closing the lines with *thought' . . . consul: . . . see him and . . . gloves.* The folios end the lines *Capitoll . . . Consull: . . . see him, . . . Gloves.*



II. i. 283. *handkerchiefs*. So the fourth folio. The first folio, followed by *Cambridge, Handkerchers*.

II. ii. 7. *Faith*. White's text, 'Faith. So IV. v. 175 and V. ii. 24. have. So the fourth folio. The first three folios, *hath*.

II. ii. 25. *asent*. The first folio spells *assent*.

II. ii. 27. *farther*. White's usual reading. The folios and *Cambridge, further*. So iii. 170. But iii. 107, all texts, *farther*.

II. ii. 35. *he is*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *hee's*.

II. ii. 37. *and*. Pope's arrangement, placing this at the end of the line. The folios make *And* the first word of the following line. Conversely, in l. 41, Pope placed *Hath* at the beginning of the line, when in the folios it stood at the end of the preceding line.

II. ii. 46. *Caius Marcius*. The folios, *Martius Caius*.

II. ii. 47. *We meet*. Hanmer's reading. The folios, retained by *Cambridge, We met*.

II. ii. 50. *State's*. The apostrophe is in the fourth folio, but is, as usual, omitted in the earlier copies. In l. 68, *honours*', the apostrophe is in none of the folios. Rowe, *honour's*.

II. ii. 51. *Than*. The folio, *Then*, as often. *we, to*. The comma is not in the folio, and is omitted by *Cambridge*. *o' th'*. The folio, *a' th'*, as often.

II. ii. 54-66. *We are . . . place*. Pope's arrangement as verse. The folios print as prose.

II. ii. 67. [1 *Sen.*] Rowe's reading. The folios, *Sen[or]*. So ll. 123, 130.

II. ii. 70-1. *Sir . . . not*. Pope's distribution. The folios print as one line.

II. ii. 71. *disbench'd*. White's text followed the folio, *dis-bench'd*; but the hyphen is unnecessary.

II. ii. 78. *how can he flatter*. The folios, according to a frequent practice, place the question mark immediately after the specific question instead of at the conclusion of the sentence. Here the interrogation point is after *flatter* instead of after *hear it*, l. 81.

II. ii. 79. (*That's thousand to one good one*). In the folios the content of this parenthesis is marked off only by a comma. *Cambridge*, following Capell, marks off by dashes.

II. ii. 84. *and*. This ends the line in the three late folios. The first folio places *And* at the beginning of the following line.

II. ii. 92. *bristled*. The folios, *brized*.

II. ii. 100. *And, in the brunt, &c.* The needed comma after *And* was omitted in White's text.

II. ii. 105. *weeds*. White called attention to the later folios reading *Waves*.

II. ii. 108-9. *took: from face to foot He.* The folios place the colon after *foot*, thus throwing the phrase *from face to foot* with *took*, instead of with what follows.

II. ii. 111. *of the.* The folio, as often, before consonants, *of th'.*

II. ii. 115. *'gan.* The folios and *Cambridge*, *gan.*

II. ii. 120. *'T were.* The arrangement of the three later folios, at the beginning of the line. The first folio places the expression at the end of the preceding line.

II. ii. 124. *Which we devise him.* Rowe's reading, as a new line of verse. By printing *which* (with a small letter) the folios seem to print as prose.

II. ii. 128. *His deeds.* Pope's arrangement, at the beginning of the new line. The folios place the words at the end of the preceding one.

II. ii. 129-30. *He's . . . for.* Pope's distribution. The folios print as a full line.

II. ii. 132-5. *The Senate . . . people.* Rowe's arrangement and distribution as verse. The folios print these three speeches as prose.

II. ii. 138-43. *For . . . have.* Capell's arrangement and distribution. In the folios the lines end *suffrage: . . . doing . . . Voyces, . . . Ceremonie. . . . too't: . . . Custome, . . . have.*

II. ii. 144-6. *It is a part . . . people.* Pope's distribution. The folios print as two full lines, dividing after *acting*.

II. ii. 146. *Mark you that?* As observed before, the folios have frequently a full stop where we would punctuate more exactly with a question mark.

II. ii. 147. — *thus I did, and thus;* — The folios mark off *thus I did* with commas, and have no mark at all after the second *thus*.

II. ii. 154. [Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.] White had [Exeunt *Senators.*]

II. ii. 159. *hers: on.* Theobald's punctuation. The folios run right on, *heere on.*

II. iii. 1. *Once, if.* The comma is Theobald's and is not in the folios.

II. iii. 6. *shew.* So the folio. White read *shews.*

II. iii. 15. *for once we stood up.* White remarked: "Collier's folio of 1632 has *for once when we stood up*, plausibly, but needlessly. For when the best educated British writers of to-day do not scruple to use in speech and writing such a barbarous phrase as 'immediately I did thus he did so' or 'immediately I went in he went out' (meaning *as soon as* or *when* I did or went, &c.), what need for us to correct the speech of one of Shakespeare's plebeians in a similar regard?"

II. iii. 28. *wedg'd.* The first folio spells *wadg'd*, corrected in the second folio.

II. iii. 37-8. *carries it. I say, if.* Theobald's punctuation. The folios punctuate, *carries it, I say. If.*

II. iii. 40-1. *all together*. So the later folios. The first folio, *altogether*.

II. iii. 50. “*I pray, sir.*” Pope’s arrangement, at the beginning of the line. The folios place in the previous line with *What must I say.* The quotation marks are Theobald’s and are not in the folios. The quotation marks, both here and in ll. 51 and 54, “*Look, sir . . . drums*” were not in White’s text and have been inserted.

II. iii. 54-6. *O me . . . upon you.* Pope’s distribution. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *that*.

II. iii. 59. *speak to ‘em.* So the folio, except for the apostrophe. White’s text had *them* for *‘em*.

II. iii. 74. *Kindly? Sir, I pray.* The first three folios, *Kindly sir, I pray.* The fourth folio has a comma after *Kindly*.

II. iii. 80. [1 *Cit.*] The folio, followed by *Cambridge*, 3 *Cit.*

II. iii. 81. *An.* The folios, as usual, *And*.

II. iii. 85, 88, 103. [3 *Cit.*] Reed’s suggestion. The folios, 1, i. e. 1 *Citizen*; *Cambridge, Fourth Cit.* In l. 101 [4 *Cit.*] the folios have 2, i. e. 2 *Citizen*; *Cambridge, Fifth Cit.* So l. 129 [5 *Cit.*] and l. 131 [6 *Cit.*], the folios have 1. *Cit* and 2. *Cit*, respectively; and *Cambridge, Sixth Cit.* and *Seventh Cit.*

II. iii. 97. *that.* So the folio. White *this*, probably a misprint.

II. iii. 99. *bountifully.* Rowe’s reading. The folios, *bountifull*.

II. iii. 110. *starve.* The first three folios, *sterve*, an older form.

II. iii. 112. *toge.* The folio *tongue.* White read *gown* after the later folios.

II. iii. 113. *do.* So the fourth folio. The first three folios, *does*.

II. iii. 115. *wills, in all things should, &c.* Pope’s punctuation. The folios place the comma after *things*, thus throwing the phrase *in all things* with *wills*, in place of *should, &c.*

II. iii. 122. *more voices.* The folio, *moe Voyces.* *moe* is an old plural form.

II. iii. 126-8. The arrangement of the folios has been retained. *Cambridge* adopts Pope’s division, ending the lines *voices have . . . your voices . . . consul.*

II. iii. 128. *indeed.* So the folio. White read *for indeed*, after Rowe.

II. iii. 133-4. *Amen . . . Consul!* So the folios and *Cambridge*, printing as one long line and Coriolanus’ speech, *Worthy voices!* as a separate line. In White’s text *Amen, amen*, was set as a separate line.

II. iii. 135-8. *You have . . . Senate.* Pope’s arrangement. In the folios the lines end *Limitation: . . . Voyce, . . . inuested, . . . Senate.*

II. iii. 144. *You may, sir.* As in the folios. *Cambridge* treats as the metrical conclusion of the preceding line.

II. iii. 145. *That I’ll straight do.* So the folio and *Cambridge*. White’s text omitted *do*, possibly through printer’s error.

II. iii. 150-1. *With . . . people?* Pope's arrangement and distribution. The folios divide after *Weeds*.

II. iii. 156-7. *Certainly . . . downright.* Capell's distribution. The folios print as a single line. *downright.* White had a hyphen.

II. iii. 162. *No, no; no man saw 'em.* The folio and *Cambridge* treat as an independent line.

II. iii. 163. Pope's arrangement as a single line. Two short lines in the folios.

II. iii. 185. *voices, and.* So the three later folios. The first folio places *And* at the beginning of the following line.

II. iii. 194. *ought.* Theobald's reading. The folios, *ought*, as often.

II. iii. 202-5. *Have you . . . tongues?* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as three lines, ending *asker: . . . mock, . . . Tongues?*

II. iii. 209. *Ay, twice, &c.* Rowe's reading, with comma. *Cambridge* reads *I twice, &c.*, interpreting *I* of the folio as the personal pronoun and not the interjection, *Ay*.

II. iii. 214-16. *Let . . . pride.* Theobald's arrangement. The folios print as two long lines, dividing after *Judgement*.

II. iii. 221. *portance, which.* The folios and other editors place *Which* as the first word in the next line. In either case one line or the other is overburdened.

II. iii. 223-30. *Lay . . . must do.* Capell's arrangement. In the folios the lines end at *Tribunes, . . . betweene) . . . on him. . . . commandment . . . and that . . . must do.*

II. iii. 241-2. *And Censorinus, darling of the people, And nobly nam'd so, twice being chosen censor.* The folios read: *And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor.* Pope supplied the line [*And Censorinus, darling of the people*], and in l. 242 *chosen* was suggested by Singer. *Cambridge* reads: *And [Censorinus] nobly named so, Twice being [by the people chosen] Censor*, believing the existing line in the folio was pieced out of two by reason of a stain or rent in the copy. The objection made to Pope's line is that it is not Shakespearean. But who can write Shakespeare? No emendation suggested is wholly satisfactory, and therefore we may let White's text remain.

II. iii. 251-2. *We will so . . . election.* Hamner's distribution. The folios print as a long line.

II. iii. 258. *Come.* In the folios and *Cambridge* this word is placed at the end of the preceding line. Consequently they write *We will* in place of the metrically shorter *we'll*.

III. i. 10. *vily.* The early folios, as usual, *vily*, an earlier form of the word.

III. i. 24, 26, 87, 266, 283, 310. *farther.* So White's text regularly. The folios, and *Cambridge*, *further*.

III. i. 28. *The matter?* Cambridge makes this an independent line.

III. i. 32-3. *Stop, . . . broil.* Pope's division. The folios print as a line.

III. i. 33. *hord.* So the last two folios. The first two, *Heard*.

III. i. 44. *suppliants for the people.* The punctuation of the fourth folio. The first three have wrongly a colon after *suppliants*.

III. i. 48. [Cor.] Theobald's reading. The folios, retained by Cambridge, Com., seemingly a mere misprint of a letter.

III. i. 48-49. *Not . . . yours.* Johnson's division. The folios make one line.

III. i. 59. *has.* The folio, *ha's*, as often. So l. 162, *Has*; but l. 161, first two folios, *Has*, and third folio, *Ha's*.

III. i. 61-2. *Tell . . . again* — Pope's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *speech*.

III. i. 63. [Sen.] The folios, *Senat.*, just as in ll. 31 and 75. White's text has *Sen.* in these two, and so 1 *Sen.*, White's reading in this line, is altered to *Sen.*

III. i. 64-8. *Now . . . again.* Capell's arrangement. In the folio the lines end *will . . . pardons: . . . Meynic, . . . flatter, . . . againes*.

III. i. 66. *many.* The first folio, *Meynie*.

III. i. 78. *measles.* The folios, *Meazels*.

III. i. 80-5. *You speak . . . sleep.* Capell's distribution. In the folios the lines end *God, . . . Infirmity . . . know'i . . . Choller? . . . sleep*.

III. i. 86-8. *By Jove . . . remain!* Here Pope's arrangement is followed, the folios ending the lines *my minds . . . poison . . . further . . . remaine?*

III. i. 90. *canon.* The folios, *Cannon*.

III. i. 90-91. *Shall! . . . why.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as a single line.

III. i. 92. *reckless.* Hanmer's reading. The folio spelling is *wreaklesse*.

III. i. 117-18. *I say . . . State.* Pope's reading. A long line in the folios.

III. i. 118. *Why, shall.* The comma is Capell's, making the question begin with *shall* and not with *Why*. The folios have no mark, which is misleading.

III. i. 126. *Their.* So the later folios. The first folio, *There*; the second *There*, following the ear and not the eye in printing.

III. i. 134. *poll.* Rowe's reading. The folios spell *pole*.

III. i. 140. *over-measure.* The folio and Cambridge do not hyphen.

III. i. 143. *Where one.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *Whoreon*. It has been more than once remarked that *on* and *one* were often confused from the similar pronunciation.

III. i. 159. *become 't.* So the folios and Cambridge. White's text had *become it*, Rowe's reading. But, l. 161, White had *control 't*, where Rowe read *controul it*.

III. i. 172. *The Aediles, ho!* The folios have just before this the stage

direction [*Enter an Edile*]. Pope omitted this, in which White followed him. Theobald altered to [*Ediles enter*], placing it after the exclamation. *Cambridge* retains the folio direction, but inserts it after the cry above. *Cambridge* then in the next line read [*Exit Edile*]. [*Exit Brutus*] is Capell's direction. The folios give none at this point.

- III. i. 177. [*Senators and Patricians*]. Malone's reading. The folios *All*. Cf. ll. 182, 186, 191, 197, 227, [*Citizens*]. Capell's reading, where the folios have *All*. In l. 213 the folios *All Ple. Aged.* Rowe's emendation. White read *Ag'd*, after the folio.
- III. i. 180-3. *Here's he . . . weapons!* Johnson's arrangement. The folios, followed by *Cambridge*, treat each speech as prose.
- III. i. 183. *Senators, &c.* *Cambridge* so reads, in the opinion that "the words are intended to express the tumultuous cries of the partisans on both sides, who are bustling about Coriolanus." The present text follows *Cambridge*, also in continuing l. 186, *Peace . . . peace!* as part of this same speech. The folio gave ll. 183-5 to 2 *Sen.* and l. 186 to *All*, and White's text followed the folio, but changed *All* to *Citizens*.
- III. i. 188. *Confusion's near.* So the last two folios, with apostrophe. The first folio, *Confusions neere*.
- III. i. 189-90. *To the people . . . Sicinius.* Capell's distribution. The folios print as a single line.
- III. i. 191. *hear.* The first folio, *here*.
- III. i. 194-5. *Fie, fie, fie: . . . quench.* Pope's distribution as verse. The folios print as prose.
- III. i. 195. *the.* So the folio. White read *thy*, probably a misprint.
- III. i. 196. [*Sen.*] So the folios. *Cambridge* follows Capell, and reads *First Sen.*
- III. i. 197-8. *True . . . the city.* Capell's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as a single line.
- III. i. 199-200. *By the consent . . . magistrates.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as prose.
- III. i. 213-14. *Hear . . . but a word.* Johnson's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as prose.
- III. i. 216. [*To Brutus.*] The stage direction is from *Cambridge*, making the folio text, *friend*, in l. 217 consistent. White read *friends*, after Rowe, explaining that *Menenius* was addressing both Tribunes.
- III. i. 221. [*Drawing his sword.*] The folios have the stage direction, *Corio. drawes his Sword* immediately after *boore him to the Rock.*
- III. i. 224. *Down . . . a while.* Pope's arrangement as verse. The folios print as if prose. *a while.* So the folio, as two words, the older form. *Cambridge*, *awhile*.

III. i. 225-6. *Help . . . old!* Hanmer's arrangement and distribution as verse. The folios print as prose.

III. i. 229-30. *Stand fast . . . enemies.* Capell's arrangement. The folios, as usual, print as one line.

III. i. 231. [1 *Sen.*] Capell's reading. The folios merely, *Sena.*, i. e. *Senator*.

III. i. 235. [Com.] So the last three folios. The first folio, *Corio*. Consequently the speech beginning in the following line, *I would, &c.*, and extending to l. 240, *owe another*, was attributed in the folio to *Menenius*. Steevens, following a suggestion of Tyrwhitt's, first broke these five lines into two speeches, giving *Coriolanus* the first part, *I would . . . Capitol!* and leaving the concluding portion, ll. 238-40, *Begone . . . owe another, to Menenius*.

III. i. 238-9. *Begone . . . tongue.* Capell's arrangement. The folios print as a single line. So ll. 240-1, *On fair ground . . . of them*; and 241-2, *I could . . . Tribunes*, where the folios print as prose.

III. i. 252. [1 *Patrician.*] So Capell. The folios have merely *Patri[cian]*. So l. 259 [2 *Pat.*], Malone's reading.

III. i. 259. *a-bed.* So the fourth folio. The first three folios, *a bed*.

III. i. 260-1. *What . . . fair.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as one line. So ll. 262-3, *That . . . himself?*

III. i. 261. *speak 'em.* So the folio and *Cambridge*. White's text had *speak them*.

III. i. 268. *naught.* So the first three folios. *Cambridge* follows the fourth folio, *nought*.

III. i. 268-70. *He . . . hands.* Johnson's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *are*.

III. i. 271. *He shall, sure on't.* The folio, *He shall sure ont*.

III. i. 272. *Sir, sir, —* *Cambridge* makes this the close of the preceding metrical line. The first and second folios place both these words of *Menenius* and the reply of *Sicinius, Peace* (l. 273), in the same line.

III. i. 274. *havoc.* White's text, *havock*, after the folio, *havocks*, an older spelling.

III. i. 275-6. *Sir . . . rescue!* and ll. 276-8, *Hear . . . faults.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print each speech as two separate lines ending at *holpe . . . rescue! . . . know . . . Faults*.

III. i. 275. *comes't*, i. e. comes it. The folios, by a natural misprint, misplace the apostrophe, *com'st*.

III. i. 281. *If . . . people.* Pope's arrangement, as one line. The folios have two short lines.

III. i. 298. *Killing our enemies?* The question mark is Hanmer's. The folios and *Cambridge* have a comma.

III. i. 303. *kam*. So the fourth folio. The first two folios, *kamme*; the third, *kamm*.

III. i. 304-5. *When . . . him*. Pope's arrangement. The folios print as a line, giving *Merely* *avry* a line to itself.

III. i. 313. *to's*. The folio, *too's*, another spelling, as often. Conversely, l. 327, *too*; the folio, *to*.

III. i. 315. *If it were so*, — The dash (without the comma) is in the third and fourth folios. The first two have the question mark, which may be said to interrupt the sequence by its expectancy.

III. i. 323. *bring him*. The folios add *in peace*, probably caught from two lines below. Pope made the correction.

III. i. 328-9. *Noble . . . officer*. Pope's arrangement. The folios print as one line.

III. i. 332. *Where, if*. The punctuation of the fourth folio. The first three folios omit the comma.

III. ii. 6. [1 *Pat.*] The folios, *Noble*.

III. ii. 9. *woollen*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *Wollen*.

III. ii. 22. *You . . . you*, for the sake of uniformity. The folios, followed by *Cambridge*, *You . . . ye*. Three lines above, the folios have *You . . . you*.

III. ii. 25-6. *Come, come . . . mend it*. Pope's distribution as verse. The folios print as prose.

III. ii. 26. [1 *Sen.*] Capell's reading. The folios, *Sen.*

III. ii. 29. *a heart as little apt*. White's note ran as follows: "This may mean a heart as little open to impression, as undocile. So in this play, IV. iii. 21-5, 'For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people,' &c.; and in *Othello*, II. iii. 325-8 — 'She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so bless'd a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested;' and *Timon of Athens*, I. i. 131-2, 'Does she love him? she is young and apt.' But the chief difficulty in this speech is the last clause. Let 'apt' mean what it may, to what does Volumnia compare her use of anger 'To better vantage'? Not improbably, in my judgment, a line has been lost; in which case that which is found in Collier's folio of 1632 is either the original or a most ingenious fabrication. In that volume the passage stands, —

'I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.'

This restores appositeness to the third of these lines, while the occurrence of the words 'use of anger' at the end of two lines

(and the recurrence is very natural) would be very likely to cause the omission of one of them."

III. ii. 32. *herd*. Theobald's emendation. The folios, *heart*.

III. ii. 38. *For them?* The punctuation of the last two folios. The first two have a comma, which is inexact.

III. ii. 47-8. The parentheses before *which* and after *policy* in White's text have been changed to commas.

III. ii. 52-6. *Because that . . . syllables*. Malone's arrangement. The folios end the lines, *Because, that . . . people: . . . matter . . . words . . . Tongue; . . . Syllables*.

III. ii. 65. *Your wife, your son, these Senators, the nobles*; The folios have the commas after *wife* and *Senators*, but a colon after *sonne* and a comma after *nobles*.

III. ii. 67. *than*. The folio, *then*, another form of the word, a spelling which White inadvertently retained.

III. ii. 82. *dost*. White read *do'st*. So V. iii. 153.

III. ii. 92. *Than . . . Cominius*. Capell's reading, as one line. Printed as two lines in the folios.

III. ii. 96. A comma after *think* in White's text has been deleted, and a semicolon after *serve* changed to a comma.

III. ii. 96-7. *I think . . . spirit*. Rowe's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as prose.

III. ii. 100. *Must I . . . heart*. So the folios. Cambridge follows Capell in placing *must I* at the end of the preceding line.

III. ii. 101. *bear?* *Well, &c.* Pope's punctuation. The folios, *bear well?*

III. ii. 102. *plot to lose*. Instead of placing the commas after *lose*, the folios place it before *to lose*, thus throwing this expression altogether awry.

III. ii. 113. *quired*. The folios, *quier'd. into a pipe*. In the folios the comma follows this phrase instead of preceding it as in the text.

III. ii. 114. *virgin voice, &c.* White's comment is pertinent: "Criticism of Shakespeare's poetry has no place in this work, unless as an aid to settlement of his text; but I may be pardoned for remarking that this is the most infelicitous use of epithet that I remember to have noticed in all these plays."

III. ii. 115. *lulls*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *lull*.

III. ii. 129. *suck'dst*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *suck'st*, as before.

III. ii. 142. *mildly*. Cambridge places the word in quotation marks.

III. iii. 5, 6. *Was . . . come?* Distributed by Capell as two lines. Printed as one in the folios.

III. iii. 9, 10. *Of all . . . poll?* Pope's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as one line.

III. iii. 10. *poll*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *Pole*.

III. iii. 24. *Go; about it*. The folio and Cambridge, *Go about it*.

III. iii. 31. *Well, here he comes.* *Cambridge* makes this the second half of the preceding line, instead of the first half of the present line.

III. iii. 32. *for the.* So the last two folios. The first folio, *fourth*; the second, *for th'.*

III. iii. 33. *Will . . . gods.* Pope's reading as one line. The folios print as two lines.

III. iii. 35. *among us.* Capell's reading. The first folio, *among*, and so Dyce *among's*, adopted by *Cambridge*.

III. iii. 40. *List . . . I say.* Steevens' arrangement as one line. The folio prints as two.

III. iii. 50. *Think.* The folios and *Cambridge* place this at the end of the preceding line. Pope made the change, but altered *Think upon* to *Think on*, saving a syllable.

III. iii. 51-2. *Scratches . . . only.* Capell's arrangement. The folios print as two lines, *Laughter only* making the second line.

III. iii. 68. *hell fold in the people!* Pope's reading. The first folio, *hell. Fould in the people:* The three later folios have a comma instead of the full stop after *hell*. *Cambridge* hyphens *fold-in*. An exclamation point has been substituted for the full stop in White's text. The folio punctuation of the entire speech of Coriolanus is faulty, and many changes have been made. The folio version follows:

"The fires i' th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods."

It will be observed that the further greatest alterations in the text are these: l. 69, *traitor!*, the substitution of the exclamation point for the comma (White had an interrogation mark); *Tribune*, a comma takes the place of the full stop; l. 71, *clutch'd as* for *clutcht : as*; ll. 71-2, a comma inserted after *millions* and deleted after *tongue*; l. 72, the full stop after *both numbers* altered to a comma; l. 73, *Thou liest* marked off by commas. *Cambridge* encloses *Thou liest* in quotation marks.

III. iii. 74. *Mark you this, people?* The comma, not in the early folios, first appears in the fourth.

III. iii. 76. *Peace!* A separate line in the folios and *Cambridge*. White read as verse with the preceding line.

III. iii. 81. *even this.* Pope's arrangement at the end of the line. The folios place it at the beginning of the following one.

III. iii. 83-4. *But . . . Rome.* Pope's distribution. The folios print as a single line.

III. iii. 85-7. *I talk . . . farther.* Capell's arrangement and distribution. The folios print each individual speech as a separate line.

III. iii. 87. *know, . . . farther.* White ended l. 86 with *know*.

III. iii. 89. *flaying.* The folios, *Fleaining*.

III. iii. 94. The parentheses before *As* and after *lies* in White's text have been omitted and in their stead commas inserted.

III. iii. 99. *do.* So the later folios. The first folio, *doth*.

III. iii. 112. *country's.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *countries*, a genitive form, without the apostrophe. So l. 114, *wife's*, folios, *Wives*.

III. iii. 116. *that —* The dash is Rowe's. The folios, as often, have the full stop.

III. iii. 129. *which . . . feels.* White enclosed these words in parentheses which have been deleted. A comma has been inserted after *feels*.

III. iii. 131. *as most.* Capell's arrangement at the end of this line. The folios place the words at the beginning of the following line.

III. iii. 133-4. *blows! Despising, For you, the city, thus I turn.* Capell's punctuation and reading. The folios, *blows, despising For you the City. Thus I turn* — putting the participial phrase entirely out of place.

III. iii. 137. *Hoo! hoo!* The first two folios, *Hoo, oo*.

III. iii. 139. *you, with all despise:* *Give, &c.* Capell's reading, save for the colon in place of a semicolon. The folio, *you, with all despight Give;* thus throwing *with all despise* with what follows instead of with what precedes.

III. iii. 142. *let's.* The folios, *lets.* White's text followed Steevens' reading, *let us*.

IV. i. 4. *extremity was.* So the later folios. The first folio, with the frequent idiom, *Extreamities was.* Cf. ll. 7-8, *fortune's blows . . . craves*, which most texts retain.

IV. i. 5. *common chances common men could bear.* The punctuation of the fourth folio. The first folio has a full stop after *chances*; the second and third, a comma.

IV. i. 8. *struck.* So the fourth folio. The usual first folio form is *strooke.* So ii. 19; v. 224, &c.

IV. i. 24. *thee.* So the last two folios. The first two, *the*, another spelling.

IV. i. 34. *Whither wilt thou.* Capell's reading. The folios, *Whether will thou.*

IV. i. 35. *a while.* So the three later folios and White's usual form. The first folio and *Cambridge, awhile*.

IV. i. 46. *wars'.* The folio, without apostrophe, *warres*.

IV. i. 52. *ought.* Theobald's reading and White's regularly. The folios, *ought*.

IV. i. 57-8. *Give . . . Come.* Steevens' arrangement and distribution. One line in the folios.

IV. ii. 2. *who, we see, have.* Rowe's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *whom we see have*.

IV. ii. 5. *a-doing.* So *Cambridge*. White's text omitted the hyphen. The folio, *a dooing*.

IV. ii. 5-7. *Bid . . . strength.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as two lines dividing after *gone*. So, in ll. 7-8, *Dismiss . . . mother*, the arrangement is due to Pope, the folios making a single line.

IV. ii. 10. [Enter VOLUMNIA, &c.] Dyce's arrangement. The folios place this direction after *mother*, l. 8.

IV. ii. 11-12. *The hoarded plague . . . love!* Capell's arrangement. The folios print as one line.

IV. ii. 12. *Requite.* So the later folios. The first two folios, as often *requit*.

IV. ii. 21. *More.* So the two later folios. The first two, *Moe*, a plural form, denoting number.

IV. ii. 25-6. *What then! . . . posterity.* Hanmer's arrangement. The folios print as one line.

IV. ii. 33. "*I would he had.*" The quotation marks, inserted by *Cambridge* to emphasise the repetition, were not in White's text.

IV. ii. 37. *let's go.* So the folios. *Cambridge*, after Pope, *let us go*. But, l. 51, all texts, *let's go*. Cf. vi. 161, *let us go*, after Pope; where the folios again have *let's go*.

IV. ii. 41. *do you see.* In the folios this phrase alone is put in parentheses after the repetition of *this*. Dyce, instead, puts a question mark after the phrase.

IV. ii. 47. *a day.* So the folios. *Cambridge*, *a-day*.

IV. ii. 48. *to't.* The folio, as often, *too't*. So vi. 10.

IV. ii. 49. *You'll sup with me?* The question mark is in the two later folios. The first two, as often, have the full stop, where a question is clearly intended.

IV. ii. 51. *starve.* The first two folios have the older spelling, *starus*.

IV. ii. 52. *faint puling.* The folios hyphen.

IV. iii. 9. *appear'd.* Steevens conjectured, and Collier's text read, *approved*, which some editors adopt.

IV. iii. 13-14. *insurrection.* Steevens' reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *insurrections*.

IV. iii. 22-3. *that worthy Coriolanus.* So the folios and *Cambridge*, treating *worthy* as an adjective and not as a noun. White's text had a comma after *worthy*.

IV. iii. 34. *will appear.* The first folio, by a misprint, *well appear*. It was corrected in later folios.

IV. iv. 3. *'jore*. The apostrophe is Johnson's and is not in the folio.

IV. iv. 5. [Enter a Citizen.] In the folios this direction is placed after *Save you, sir*, at the close of *Coriolanus'* speech. *Cambridge* places it after *slay me*, l. 6, and before *Save you, sir*.

IV. iv. 7-10. *Direct . . . night*. Capell's arrangement. The folios print both speeches as prose.

IV. iv. 10. *At's*. Abbreviated for metrical reasons. The folios and *Cambridge*, *At his*.

IV. iv. 13. *bosoms seem*. So the fourth folio. The first folio, with the frequent idiom, *bosomes seemes*.

IV. v. 3. *master*. So the fourth folio. The first three folios, *M.*, the abbreviation, as often.

IV. v. 5. *A goodly house*. The folios print as a line by itself, whereupon *The feast . . . a guest* (5-6) follows as a line by itself. The present arrangement is Pope's.

IV. v. 9-10. *I have . . . Coriolanus*. Capell's arrangement. The folios print as prose.

IV. v. 15. *Away!* So the folio. *Cambridge* prints this with exclamation point and quotation marks, as repeated.

IV. v. 19. *fellow's*, i. e. fellow is. The folio, without apostrophe, *Fellowes*, as if a genitive form.

IV. v. 34-5. *Follow . . . cold bits*. Capell's arrangement. The folios and *Cambridge* print as prose.

IV. v. 36. *will you not?* Pope's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *you will not?*

IV. v. 45-6. *What . . . it is!* The exclamation is Pope's. The folios have only a comma. *dwelllest*. The folio, *dwel'st*, as above, l. 39.

IV. v. 52. *Thou . . . Hence!* Capell first read as a line of verse. The folios print as prose.

IV. v. 56. *thou*. So the last two folios. The first two, *ȝ*.

IV. v. 59-61. *If, Tullus, . . . myself*. Prose, as in the folios. *Cambridge* follows Steevens' arrangement as verses, dividing after *Tullus . . . dost not . . . necessity*.

IV. v. 63. *Volscians'*. The apostrophe is Capell's and, as usual, is not in the folios.

IV. v. 75. *requited*. The folio, *requitted*, and has a colon after it wrongly, separating it from the following phrase.

IV. v. 83. *Whoop'd*. Hanmer's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *Hoop'd*.

IV. v. 87. *'voided*. The apostrophe is Steevens', and is not in the folios.

IV. v. 99. *Thou'rt*. Rowe's reading. The folios, as often, *Th'art*, a reading which is frequent with White.

IV. v. 109. *yond*. So the folio. White added an unnecessary apostrophe which has been deleted.

IV. v. 114. *scar'd*. Rowe's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *scarr'd*. *dip*. Pope's reading. The folios, *deep*.

IV. v. 155. *strucken*. The first two folios, *stroken*, another form.

IV. v. 161-2. *methought*, — The folio, *me thought*. The dash is Rowe's punctuation. So, in l. 163, *were*, — the dash is Rowe's.

IV. v. 170. *Who? my master?* The folio, *Who my Master?*

IV. v. 175. *Faith*. An apostrophe in White's text has been deleted. So vi. 140.

IV. v. 183. *lieve*. So the fourth folio. The early folios, *liue* and *live*. White's text, *lief*, Capell's reading.

IV. v. 194. *truth on't: before Coriol*, &c. Rowe had a semicolon for the colon. The folios have no mark at all. *truth*. Steevens' reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *troth*.

IV. v. 195. *carbonado*. The first three folios, *Carbinado*.

IV. v. 196. *An he had*. Capell's reading. The folios, as often, *And hee had*.

IV. v. 198. *more of thy news?* The question mark is Capell's. The folios have, as often, a full stop.

IV. v. 209. *soulē*. Rowe's reading. *Cambridge*, *soul*. The folios, *sole*.

IV. v. 210. *down all*. Rowe's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *all down*.

IV. v. 211. *poll'd*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *poul'd*.

IV. v. 214-17. *look you, sir* (ll. 214, 215). *as it were. as we term it*. White enclosed these phrases in parentheses which have been deleted and the passages marked by commas.

IV. v. 231. *sprightly*. The folio reading. *Cambridge*, *spritley*, another form.

IV. v. 233. *sleepy*. So the two later folios. The first and second, *sleepē*.

IV. v. 235. *as wars*. The plural is the folio reading. *Cambridge* follows Rowe and reads *as war*.

IV. vi. 1-5. White's reasons for his alterations of the text may be given at length: "This passage appears thus in the folio:

‘We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietneſſe of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well:’ &c.

Here something is manifestly wrong. Theobald, who has been followed hitherto, inserted *i* in the second line, reading *i the present peace*. I think it more in keeping with the purport of the passage, and far better for its rhythm, to strike out *we* in the fourth line,

where it not only breaks down an already well-laden verse, but substitutes a feeble and unnatural thought for one forcible and natural. It was in the *peace and quietness of the people* that the Tribunes had their supposed triumph over the Patricians, who had hoped to see *dissentious numbers pestering the streets*, but whom this peace and quietness forced to blush that the world went well. This is entirely lost if the Tribunes are made to say that *they* make *Coriolanus'* friends blush. The rhythm of the first two lines is also much more Shakespearian with a full pause after *tame*. This play is very carelessly printed in the folio; and I believe that *we* crept in merely by the erroneous supposition of a printer that a new sentence began at *Heere*, and that a nominative was consequently required for *makes*. Mason would have read, *His remedies are lame i' the present peace*; and Collier's folio of 1632 has *His remedies are tame by the present peace.*"

IV. vi. 3. *o' the*. A frequent elision, but the folio has *of the*.
 IV. vi. 11-12. *'T is he . . . Of late*. Capell's arrangement. The folios print as one line.
 IV. vi. 12. *Hail, sir!* White comments: "As *Menenius* replies, *Hail to you both!* and two syllables would make a perfect verse, perhaps *Brutus* should also be made to repeat this salutation."
 IV. vi. 18-17. *Your Coriolanus . . . temporis'd*. Capell's arrangement. The folios print both speeches as prose.
 IV. vi. 14. *Commonwealth*. White had a hyphen.
 IV. vi. 18-19. *his mother . . . from him*. Capell's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as one line.
 IV. vi. 20, 25. [Citizens.] The folios, as before, *All*.
 IV. vi. 20, 21. *Good-den*. Cambridge, after Dyce, *God-den*. The folio, *Gooden*.
 IV. vi. 24-5. *We wish'd . . . we did*. Hanmer's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as one line.
 IV. vi. 32-3. *And . . . assistance*. Theobald's distribution. As a line in the folios.
 IV. vi. 34. *lamentation*. The first folio, *Lamention*, by a misprint.
 IV. vi. 42. *before 'em*. So the folio, and Cambridge. White's text, *before them*.
 IV. vi. 46-7. *Come, . . . Marcius?* Steevens' arrangement and distribution. The folios print as one line.
 IV. vi. 48-9. *whipp'd — It cannot be The Volsces dare break with us*. Pope had a full stop after *whipt*. The folio has a comma both after *whipt* and *be*. White's text had a semicolon after *be*. Cambridge reads *whipp'd. It cannot be the Volsces dare break with us*.
 IV. vi. 51. *have been*. So the fourth folio. The early folios, *hath been*.

IV. vi. 56-7. *Tell not . . . be.* Pope's distribution. The folios print as one line.

IV. vi. 73. *atone.* The first three folios spell *attone*.

IV. vi. 86. *cement.* The folio, *Ciment*.

IV. vi. 88. *auger's bore.* So the fourth folio, except the apostrophe. The first two folios, *Augors boare*.

IV. vi. 89. *Pray, your news?* — The first two folios have only a comma after this, very faultily. The expression is repeated and interjected, and should have a dash after as well as before it. White omitted the dash following.

IV. vi. 90. *If!* Capell's arrangement at the end of the line. The folios prefix it to the following line.

IV. vi. 99-100. *He will . . . ears.* Steevens' arrangement. The folios read *Hee'l* for *He will*, and make one line of it.

IV. vi. 100-101. *As Hercules . . . work.* Capell's arrangement. The folios divide after *fruit*.

IV. vi. 104. *resist.* Hammer's reading. The folios, *resists*.

IV. vi. 115-16. *'T is true . . . brand.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as a single line.

IV. vi. 119. *you have crafted fair.* White notes: "Here and in the next [sentence] *you have* is to be read as *you've*, and perhaps should be so printed."

IV. vi. 121. *S' incapable.* So the folios, with apostrophe. *Cambridge* follows Rowe, *So incapable.* [Tri.] So the folios. *Cambridge*, after Dyce, *Both Tri.*

IV. vi. 122-4. *Howl . . . city.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as four lines ending *lov'd him*, . . . *Nobles*, . . . *hooft . . . city*.

IV. vi. 132. *at.* Pope's arrangement at the end of the line. The folios place at the beginning of the following line.

IV. vi. 133. *Coriolanus'.* The apostrophe is not in the folios.

IV. vi. 138. *one.* The first folio, by a turn of a letter, misprints *oue*.

IV. vi. 147-8. *You have . . . Capitol?* Capell's arrangement. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *works*.

IV. vii. 14-16. *Join'd . . . solely.* Malone's arrangement. The folios print as two lines ending *borne* and *soley*. Malone also read *had borne* (l. 15) for *have borne* of the folios.

IV. vii. 19. *urge against him. Although, &c.* The full stop is Capell's. The folios have a comma. On the other hand in l. 21 the folios have a colon after *fairly* in place of the comma, and another colon after *sword* (l. 24), where White has a semicolon and *Cambridge* a comma again.

IV. vii. 26. *Whene'er.* The folio, *When ere*.

IV. vii. 28. *All places yield.* The first folio, with the frequent idiom, *All places yeelds*.

IV. vii. 34. *osprey*. Theobald's reading. The folios, *Aspray*.
 IV. vii. 37. 't was. So the last two folios. The first two, 'was.
 IV. vii. 39. *defect*. The first folio, *detect*, corrected in the later folios.
 IV. vii. 41-5. *was lord of; or . . . cushion, but . . . the war; but one, &c.* The folios, *was Lord of: or . . . Cushion: but . . . the warre. But one, &c.*
 IV. vii. 43. *casque*. Steevens' reading. The folio, *Caske*.
 IV. vii. 46-7. (*As he . . . him.*) The extent of the parentheses is Hanmer's. In the folios the parentheses include only *As he . . . them all*.
 IV. vii. 48-53. *but he has a merit, &c.* White's long note must be quoted: "Two half lines, or more, have quite surely been lost before these words:

'So our virtue
 Lies in th' interpretation of the time;
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 T' extol what it hath done.'

"*Aufidius* is impressing upon his hearers the consequences of *Coriolanus'* inflexible, impracticable nature. He tells them that our virtue, i. e. our moral power, lies in our appreciation of the time, our apprehension and mastery of the situation in which we are placed; and he adds, as a corollary, that power, arrogant of commendation, has not so sure, so manifest a grave, as the seat of authority to which its deeds have raised it, and which its overweening egotism is likely to use in such a manner as to alienate those to whom it owes its elevation. There is not a comparison between a tomb and a *chair*, but a likening of 'a chair to extol,' &c., to a tomb. The allusion is to the curule chair, which is very properly made a symbol of power in the state, as in the time of *Coriolanus* the right of sitting in it belonged to consuls, praetors, *sediles*, *flamena*, and, of course, to dictators. Shakespeare had read in North's *Plutarch*, 'There the Consul Cominius, going up into his chayer of state in the presence of the army,' &c., p. 242, ed. 1579.

"I was once of the opinion that Shakespeare meant *Aufidius* to utter a thought similar to that which is expressed by *Bertram* in *All's Well that Ends Well*, I. ii. 48-51, —

'His good remembrance, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
 So in approof lives not his epitaph
 As in your royal speech,' —

and therefore conjectured that we should read 'Hath not a tomb so eloquent as a cheer;' and in Collier's folio of 1632, the latter word was found, but with the then incongruous 'evident' left un-

changed. This reading, however, although consistent with itself and appropriate to the occasion, is incongruous with the larger purpose of the speech, which is clearly indicated in the two lines ending 'strengths by strengths do fail.'"

IV. vii. 49-50. *our virtues Lie*. So *Cambridge*, following the reading of the later folios. The first folio, *Our Virtue, Lie*. White's text read, *our virtue Lies*.

V. i. 16. *rack'd for*. Pope's reading. The folios, *wrack'd for*.

V. i. 22. *Very well: . . . less?* A single line, as in the folios. *Cambridge* follows Johnson and divides the line after *Very well*.

V. i. 24. *For's*. The folio reading has been restored. White's text followed Capell, *For his*.

V. i. 39. *What should I do?* White's text printed as a separate line, and not as the conclusion of the line.

V. i. 41-3. *Well . . . what then?* Pope's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as two lines ending *returne mee* and *what then?*

V. i. 47. *undertake it*. Rowe's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *undertake't*.

V. i. 59. *road*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *rode*, another spelling.

V. i. 62. *Not?* The question mark is in the two later folios. The first two have the full stop, as often, where a question is clearly implied.

V. i. 70-2. *So that all . . . solicit him*. Johnson's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as two lines, ending *Noble Mother*, and *solicite him*.

V. ii. 3-4. *I am . . . Coriolanus*. Pope's division into two lines. The folios print as one line.

V. ii. 5-6. *You may . . . from thence*. Pope's arrangement again. The folios print as prose.

V. ii. 16. *unparalleld', haply, amplified*. The comma after *unparalleld'* is in the folio, but not the one after *haply*. *Cambridge* with no mark at all, *unparalleld' haply amplified. haply*. Hanmer's reading. The first two folios, as often, *happily*; the last two, *happily*.

V. ii. 37. *I am, as*. The comma is in the fourth folio, but not in the first three.

V. ii. 50-1. *Sirrah . . . estimation*. Pope's treatment as prose. The folios make two lines, dividing after *here*.

V. ii. 52. [2 G.], i. e. Second Guard. The folios, 1. Steevens, 2 *Watch*.

V. ii. 59. *errand*. The first three folios, *arrant*, an older form. The fourth folio, *errant*.

V. ii. 66, 98. *swoon*. The first three folios, *swoond*.

V. ii. 85. *Than pity note how much*. Theobald's reading, after Thirlby's conjecture. The folios punctuate, *Then pity: Note how much*.

V. ii. 94-5. *'T is a spell . . . again*. Pope's reading as prose. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *power*.

V. ii. 107-8. *The worthy . . . wind-shaken.* The first three folios print as two lines, dividing after *Rock*.

V. iii. 4-7. *Only . . . such friends.* Capell's arrangement and distribution. The folios print as three full lines ending *respected, . . . Rome: . . . frends.*

V. iii. 15-16. *accept, . . . more.* So the folio, except a colon for the full stop after *more*. *Cambridge* accepts Singer's punctuation, which was Heath's suggestion, and places a semicolon after *accept* and a comma after *more*.

V. iii. 17. *too.* So the first folio, which may be another form of *to*. *Cambridge* follows the later folios, *to*. But as the folio makes a new statement: *A very little I have yeelded too*, it seems better, retaining the folio punctuation, to interpret *too* as the adverb and not preposition.

V. iii. 24. *But, out, affection!* The folio with no mark at all: *But out affection.* So, in the next line, *privilege of nature, break!* the folios have no comma.

V. iii. 27. *doves'.* Steevens' reading. The folios, as usual, without the apostrophe, *doves*. Rowe read *dove's*.

V. iii. 36-7. *As if . . . kin.* Rowe's division and arrangement. The folios print as a single line.

V. iii. 40-2. *Like a . . . flesh.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *part*.

V. iii. 52. *blest.* So the folio. White read *bless'd*. So also l. 139.

V. iii. 55. *Shew duty, as mistaken all this while.* The folios transfer the comma after *mistaken*.

V. iii. 56-7. *What is this? . . . son.* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *me?* *What is* is Pope's reading, the folios eliding, *What's*.

V. iii. 58. *pebbles.* The first three folios spell *Pibbles. hungry beach*. White has an interesting note: "Steevens explained *hungry beach* as sterile, unprolific beach, or as meaning hungry for shipwrecks. But I must avow that I see no fitness (especially none of the Shakespearean kind) in the epithet as thus explained. Malone merely mentions that he 'idly conjectured' that Shakespeare wrote *angry beach*. But the context, *your corrected son* and *the mutinous winds*, seems to me to give almost sufficient support to this conjecture to warrant its reception into the text. Were I to print a Shakespeare for myself, I should print *angry beach*; the beach angered by the lashing of the waves."

V. iii. 59. *Fillip.* Steevens' reading. The folios, *Fillop*.

V. iii. 62-3. *Thou art . . . lady?* Rowe's arrangement. The folios print as two lines dividing after *thee*.

V. iii. 66. *curded.* Collier's reading. The folios, *curdied*, adopted by *Cambridge*. Rowe, *curdled*.

V. iii. 80-1. *things . . . denials*. Capell's reading. The first three folios and *Cambridge*, *thing . . . denials*. The fourth folio, *thing . . . denial*.

V. iii. 84-6. *desire not . . . reasons*. Pope's arrangement. The folios end the lines with *t' allay* and *reasons*.

V. iii. 93. *naught*. White's usual reading again. The folios and *Cambridge*, *nought*.

V. iii. 103. *country's*. The early folios, *Countries*, without apostrophe, as usual. Sol. 104, *enmity's*, folios, *enmities*; l. 141, *war's*, folios, *warres*.

V. iii. 115. *through*. So the folios. *Cambridge* follows Johnson, reading *thorough*.

V. iii. 125-8. *Ay, and mine . . . I'll fight*. Pope's arrangement. The folios read each speech as two lines, ending *boy, . . . time . . . away . . . fight*.

V. iii. 127. *'A*. The folio reading, as usual, is *A*.

V. iii. 154. *noble man*. So the three later folios. The first folio, *Nobleman*.

V. iii. 158. *There is*. So the three later folios. The first folio elides, *There's*.

V. iii. 163. *cluck'd*. So the three later folios. The first folio, *clock'd*.

V. iii. 169. *him with*. By an inadvertence this was repeated in the first folio.

V. iii. 170. *'longs*. The apostrophe is in the fourth folio, but not in the first three folios.

V. iii. 181-2. *I am hush'd . . . a little*. Pope's arrangement as two lines. The folios print as one long line.

V. iii. 192. *stead*. The first three folios, *steed*.

V. iii. 202-3. *Ay, . . . bear*. Hamner's arrangement. Two lines in the folios, the first line ending *together*.

V. iv. 1. *yond . . . yond*. White's text *yond' . . . yond'*, based upon the folio, *yon'd . . . yon'd*. The apostrophe in each case has been deleted. *coign*. Capell's reading. The folios, *Coin*.

V. iv. 30. *'long*. Capell's reading. The folios, *long*. Cf. above, iii. 170, the verb, *'longs*.

V. iv. 45-6. *Friend, . . . certain?* Pope's arrangement. The folios print as two lines, dividing at *true?*

V. iv. 46. *is it*. Pope's reading. The folios, *Is't*.

V. iv. 52. *cymbals*. So the fourth folio. The first two folios, *Symboles*.

V. iv. 60. *your tidings*. The folios, *your tydings*. White's text, *their tidings*, surely a misprint unnoticed.

V. iv. 60-1. *First . . . thankfulness*. Pope's arrangement. The folios make two lines, dividing after *tydings*.

V. iv. 61-4. *Sir . . . joy*. Capell's arrangement. The folios print each speech as a line of prose.

V. iv. 62. *They are near the city?* White followed the first two folios, with full stop as a declarative sentence; but it is plainly a question. The last two folios have the question mark.

V. iv. 63. *We will.* Capell's reading. The folio, *We's'l.*

V. v. White comments: In the folio this play is divided into Acts, but not into Scenes; and here there is only the stage direction, *Enter two Senators with Ladies, passing over the Stage with other Lords.* Hitherto this Scene has been made a part of Scene IV.: but there is manifestly a change of place. According to the folio, all the speakers in the former Scene *Exeunt* after *Sicinius'* last speech; and this Scene is supposed to take place near a gate of the city, as the *Ladies* enter it.

V. v. 1. [1 *Sen.*] Capell's reading. The folios, *Sen.*

V. v. 4. *Unshout.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *Unshoot.*

V. v. 7. *Welcome!* Steevens' reading as a special line. The folios place at the end of the preceding one.

V. vi. 10-14. *Even so . . . deliver you.* Pope's arrangement and division. The folios print the first speech *Even so . . . slain* (10-12), as prose; in the second speech the folios print *Most noble . . . deliver you* (12-14) as two lines, dividing after *intent.*

V. vi. 37. *Which he did end all his.* White's note on this passage is as follows: "Collier's folio of 1682 has *Which he did ear* [i. e., plough] *all his*; and this has been received with favour, though it is admitted that it makes a transposition necessary, and requires us to read, —

‘help to ear the fame
Which he did reap all his.’

But there is not the least necessity for this violence to the original text. *Aufidius* helped to reap the fame which *Coriolanus* made, in the end, all his."

V. vi. 40. *wadg'd.* The first two folios, *wadg'd.*

V. vi. 45. *him.* The fourth folio has a colon; the first three folios have a comma. But the sentence (l. 45) *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him* belongs to what precedes and not with what follows.

V. vi. 57-8. *we will second. When . . . After your way his tale pronounc'd, &c.* Theobald's reading. The folios, *we will second, when . . . After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, &c.*

V. vi. 59-60. *Say . . . lords.* Pope's division of the line. The folios print as a single line.

V. vi. 63. *hear't.* So the folio. White's text read *hear it*, after Rowe.

V. vi. 77-8. *spoils . . . Do.* Pope's reading. The folios, with the frequent idiom, *spoiles . . . Doth.*

V. vi. 85. *tell the traitor in the highest degree.* So the folio punctuation. Theobald placed a comma after *traitor*, throwing in the highest degree with what follows (l. 86): *He hath abus'd your powers.*

V. vi. 91. *o' the.* White usually has the elided form *o' th'*, but with seeming inadvertence here printed of *the*. The folio, as often, *a' th'*. Cf. l. 83, *seal o' th' Senate*, l. 97, *Counsel o' th' war*, &c.

V. vi. 94. *I say your city.* Cambridge places *your city* in quotation marks.

V. vi. 100. *each at other.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *each at others.*

V. vi. 104, 113, 117. "Boy!" The quotation marks were not in White's text.

V. vi. 106. *scold.* Rowe's reading. The folios, *scoul'd* and *scould*.

V. vi. 111. *Peace, . . . speak.* White's text made a half line of this, concluding the preceding line. It seems better to make of it an independent line.

V. vi. 117. *Alone I did it. — "Boy"!* The folios have only a comma for the full stop and dash.

V. vi. 122-4. *Tear him . . . my father.* Capell first read as prose, and later wished to make three lines of verse. The folios end the lines with *presently*: . . . *Cosine . . . Father*; and may be read as prose as well as by three lines. Cambridge employs quotation marks with each phrase.

V. vi. 126. *folds in.* Cambridge hyphens, *folds-in*.

V. vi. 129-31. *O, that . . . sword!* Pope's arrangement and division. The folios print as two lines, dividing after *more*.

V. vi. 134. *Thou . . . weep.* Steevens' arrangement as one line. The folios print as two, dividing after *whereat*.

V. vi. 135. *Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet.* Essentially Rowe's punctuation. The folio, *Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet.*

V. vi. 137. *My lords.* Pope's arrangement, as the beginning of the line. The folios print as a separate line.

V. vi. 156. *Assist.* Capell's arrangement as a separate line. The folios print at the end of the preceding line. Pope omitted it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

“The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath sundry times beeene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theiyr Seruants. AT LONDON, Printed by I. R. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shopp, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun. 1600.” 4to. 40 leaves.

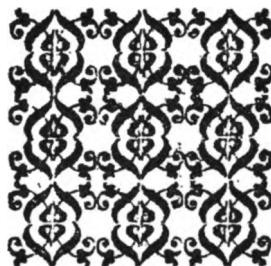
[The Most Lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. *As it hath sundry times been plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants.* LONDON, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be sold at his shopp, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611.] 4to. 40 leaves.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus occupies twenty-two pages in the folio of 1623, viz., from p. 31 to p. 52 inclusive, in the division of Tragedies. It is divided into Acts, but not into Scenes; and Rowe first gave it a list of Dramatis Personæ.

[The reproduction of the Quarto of 1600 will be found in the *Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles*, No. 29, with an Introduction by Arthur Symons, 1885, and as Vol. VII. of the *Bankside Shakespeare*, edited by Appleton Morgan.]

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus.*

As it hath sundry times beene playde by the
Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the
Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the
Lorde Chamberlaine theyr
Seruants.



AT LONDON,
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North doore of Paules, at the signe of
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TITUS ANDRONICUS

INTRODUCTION

ABOUT the year 1678 Edward Ravenscroft produced a revised and rewritten version of this play [under the title *Titus Andronicus or the Rape of Lavinia*]. In 1687 this version was printed with a preface, in which Ravenscroft says, touching Shakespeare's reputed authorship of the drama in its original form, "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Upon this assertion, supported by the date at which *Titus Andronicus* is known to have been written, and its inferiority both in matter and style to Shakespeare's undoubted works, rested for many years a belief that it was not his. This was the opinion of Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Malone, and Steevens, and also of Hallam, who was, doubtless, justified in remarking that "*Titus Andronicus* is now [1837] by common consent denied to be in any sense a production of Shakespeare" (*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, Vol. II. p. 177, ed. 1847). Knight, in the same spirit which marked his treatment of the question of the authorship of *King Henry the Sixth*, and with his accustomed enthusiasm, came forward in 1841 to maintain that, on the contrary, *Titus Andronicus* is, in every sense of the word, the work of Shakespeare [*Notice on the Authenticity of Titus Andronicus*]. Collier, who differed from him upon so many other points, agreed with him on this; and the general opinion, following their guidance, seems now to be nearly, if not quite, the reverse of what it was when Hallam wrote. But ere we go with the multitude either of the past or the present day, let us examine the evidence for ourselves. The task will be a brief one.

Although at least three editions of *Titus Andronicus* had been printed before 1623, it was not published as Shakespeare's until it appeared as a part of the first collected edition of his works; in which respect it is like *Romeo and Juliet* and *Henry the Fifth*. The earlier quarto editions also of *Richard the Second* and the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth* were published without the author's name; so that this negative evidence is of no consequence whatever. But in the first folio *Titus Andronicus* was published as one of Mr. William Shakespeare's Tragedies by his friends and fellow-actors; and his well-informed contemporary and probable acquaintance, Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, cites *Titus Andronicus* with *Richard the Second*, *Richard the Third*, *Henry the Fourth*, *King John*, and *Romeo and Juliet* in support of his opinion that Shakespeare was the "most excellent" English dramatist in Tragedy as well as Comedy. Such evidence as this outweighs all the vague surmises that Ravenscroft might magnify into tradition; and we shall trouble ourselves no more with his story of the "private author."

This is all the external evidence in the case, except that which is afforded by the title-pages of the quarto editions. That of the earliest¹ copy known to exist (1600) announces the play as having been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants (Shakespeare's company), as well as by the Earl of Pembroke's, the Earl of Derby's, and the Earl of Sussex's: that of the next in date (1611) announces it only as sundry times played by the King's Majestie's Servants (the style of Shakespeare's company at that time); so that from these title-pages we can only gather that this play might originally have been written by Shakespeare, and that afterwards it probably became the exclusive property of the company with which he was connected, or was, at least, regarded as such.

The internal evidence leaves us in the same position in which we are as to the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*: that is, each reader has his own right of private judgment; for there is no existing dramatic work upon which Shakespeare could have founded this tragedy, or which can support the claim of any other writer

¹ An earlier copy of 1594 has been found. See note below. (B)

to its authorship in whole or in part, or guide us in forming an opinion as to what is and what is not his. It is admitted by all, however, and will probably never be denied, that *Titus Andronicus* has very much less merit than any other play (except perhaps the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*) that received the imprimatur of Heminge & Condell; and readers who are at all acquainted with the dramatic literature of the early Elizabethan period cannot fail to observe that in spirit, in construction, and in rhythm, if not in diction, this tragedy is more in the manner of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors than in his own, as it appears in any of his undoubted works. Had we the same testimony as to Greene's or Marlowe's authorship of this play that we have as to Shakespeare's, we should all accept it without a question, and, comparatively poor as the horrible composition is, pass a considerable accession of fame to the credit of the reputed writer. Apparently there is direct discrepancy between the external and the internal evidence in the case. Testimony cries one way; but, in the words of Hallam upon a similar question, "*res ipsa per se vociferatur*" to the contrary.

Is this discrepancy irreconcilable? — a question that brings us to the last two points of external evidence concerning the play. The first of these is, that Ben Jonson says in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, "Hee that will sweare *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgment shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fие and twentie or thirtie yeeres." *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted in 1614; and this, construed rigidly, carries back the production of *Titus Andronicus* to between 1584 and 1589. But, as Ben's purpose was to cast the slur of "old-fogeyism" upon the two plays that he names, it is safe to allow a little for malicious exaggeration, and to assume the latter date as very nearly that at which *Titus Andronicus* was produced. Now, if Shakespeare wrote any dramatic poetry at that date, it is to be supposed that he would write it as nearly as possible in the style of the dramatists whose plays were then most in vogue — Greene and Marlowe. Especially would this be the case in a work on which he was a colaborer with them: — a

conclusion which bears directly upon the last point of our external evidence. We know that Greene wrote much, and Marlowe somewhat, for the company called the Earl of Pembroke's Servants; and, as we have seen, the title-page of the earliest quarto edition known records the performance of this play by that company, as well as by the Lord Chamberlain's (to which Shakespeare belonged) and two others. But there was an earlier quarto edition; and, although it seems to have perished,¹ a copy of it was seen by Gerard Langbaine, who, in his *Account of the Early English Dramatick Poets* (London, 1691), says (p. 464) that it "was first printed 4°. Lond. 1594, and acted by the Earls of *Darbie*, *Pembroke*, and *Essex*,² their Servants." This date is sustained by the entry of the play for publication on the Stationers' Register, February 6, 1593. (See the *Variorum* of 1821, Vol. II. p. 634.) Now, it is especially noteworthy that on the title-page of this earliest edition of the play there should be no mention of its having been performed by the Lord Chamberlain's company, which did play it before the date of the next edition, 1600, and to which it, as well as its reputed author, seems to have afterwards exclusively belonged.

This is, I believe, all the evidence in the case. Does it, in connection with the great resemblance in style between certain passages of this play and the works of Greene and Marlowe, and the superiority of other passages to the poetry of either of those authors, warrant the opinion that *Titus Andronicus* was written, about 1587-1589, by Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare together for the Earl of Pembroke's and perhaps other companies, and that (popular as we know it was) the Lord Chamberlain's Servants afterwards secured it, as well as the services of the youngest of its authors, exclusively for themselves, and that he subjected it to the same revision which, under like circumstances,

¹ A copy came to light in 1904, in Lund, Sweden, and was described in *The Athenaeum*, January 21, 1905. (B)

² This was clearly a mistake for *Sussex*, as the title-page of the 1600 edition shows; though it has been held that *Essex* by 1600 had fallen into disgrace, and so the name was altered (*cf.* H. B. Baileon's Introduction to this play in the *Arden* edition). (B)

he gave to the earlier versions of *King Henry the Sixth*? In my judgment this opinion is supported by all that we know upon the subject; and, should a copy of the quarto of 1594 ever be discovered, I should not be surprised to find its text bear somewhat the same relation to that of the folio that exists between the earlier and the later versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. The classical allusions with which this tragedy abounds might have been easily furnished by scholars of far less reading than Greene and Marlowe, and are not too much to expect from the young author of *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, who might have found all the classical knowledge displayed in it (except the few scraps of Latin) in Golding's *Ovid* and Seneca's *Ten Tragedies* — two books with which he appears to have been intimately acquainted.¹

¹ Without presuming to parcel out this play to the authors whom I suppose to have been engaged upon it, I venture (though with some hesitation and a full appreciation of the difficulty of forming an opinion upon the subject worthy of attention) to indicate the latter part (about half) of I. ii., the whole of II. i. and ii., and the greater part of IV. ii., as originally the work of Greene: to Marlowe I attribute the choice of the plot and the incidents, with the writing of IV. iv., and nearly all of V. in its original form: and it seems to me that in the first part of I. ii, in II. iii. and v., throughout III., we may clearly trace the hand of Shakespeare. There are few readers of discrimination, I think, who would attribute such lines as the following to any other pen than his:

"In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges: here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep." (I. ii. 87-92.)

It is noteworthy that in this play (IV. ii.) we find an instance of the idiom "for to," which Greene used so freely, and which Shakespeare and Marlowe so carefully avoided; and one of "when-as" (IV. iv. 92), which occurs often in the works of both Greene and Marlowe, but never, I believe, in any undoubted play of Shakespeare's. It is also worthy of observation that the three or four instances of similarity of expression between this play and other works bearing Shakespeare's name connect it only with *Venus and Adonis*, his earliest poem, and with the First Part

An old story, of yet unknown origin, furnished the plot of this monstrous tragedy. A ballad originally entitled *A Noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus*, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1593, and which will be found in the first volume of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* as *The Complaint of Titus Andronicus*, seems to me to be very clearly not the foundation of the play, but to be founded upon it. Throughout the ballad there is evident effort to compress all the incidents of the story within as brief a relation as possible; and this is not the style of a ballad written for the ballad's sake.

The period of the action seems indefinable. It may be placed at almost any time during the decadence of the Roman Empire.

The text exists in remarkable purity in all the old editions. Save a few misplaced or omitted prefixes, there are no corruptions of much importance. The folio is followed in this edition, the quartos being looked to only as auxiliaries. It contains an entire Scene (III. ii.) which is not found in them — a fact which sustains the authority of Heminge & Condell to publish the tragedy as Shakespeare's. It has been suggested that this Scene was written by another hand than the one which produced the rest of the tragedy. However this may be, I believe that that hand was Shakespeare's, whose peculiar flow of thought and rhythm is very noticeable in the Scene in question. But they are to be found in as marked a degree elsewhere in the play; and there seems to be no sufficient reason for doubting that this Scene was part and parcel of *Titus Andronicus* as it was first produced by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants.

[White's views represent the best of the early opinions on the play. An interesting argument was put forward by Dr. Grosart in *Englische Studien*, Vol. XXII. 389–435, in an article entitled *Was Robert Greene substantially the author of Titus Andronicus?* — which its author answered in the affirmative. The argument was repeated in Grosart's Temple edition of the play of *Selimus*,

of *Henry the Sixth* and *The Taming of the Shrew* — two plays in which Shakespeare has but a part interest; sharing again with Greene and Marlowe, almost without a doubt.

which he also attributed to Greene. But Grosart's views have never found general acceptance.

For many years it was held that *Titus Andronicus* is essentially a pre-Shakespearean play, written in the manner of Shakespeare's predecessors, and if in any way by Shakespeare, then only touched up here and there by the dramatist. Ravenscroft's opinion thus obtained the fullest credence. It was consequently placed first of all in the chronological order of the plays and assigned to a date about 1588-1590, even two years or more before *I Henry VI.*, commonly supposed to be the earliest of Shakespeare's History Plays. Dowden, in his *Shakspeare Primer* (pp. 56, 61), classified these two plays together in a common "pre-Shakespearean group" and has been generally followed. Dowden continued: "If Shakespeare wrote it, we find him as a young man carried away by the influence of a *Sturm und Drang* (storm and stress) movement similar to that which urged Schiller to write his *Robbers*." And again: "If it is of Shakespearean authorship it may be viewed as representing the years of crude and violent youth before he had found his true self." And, "It was touched by Shakespeare and no more." Clearly, then, *Titus Andronicus* belongs to the type of the "tragedy-of-blood" or "revenge tragedy," notable examples of which are Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* or *Jeronimo*, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Chettle's *Hoffman*, Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* — a species in itself derived from the old Senecan tragedy. For instance, the vale where Bassianus is murdered and Lavinia is ravished may be compared with the haunted wood where Atreus slays his nephews in the Senecan *Thyestes*.¹

A new direction was given to the criticism of the play by Prof. Arnold Schröer of Freiburg in his monograph *Ueber Titus Andronicus*, 1891, where, taking a psychological basis, he sought out certain characters that reflect the individuality of the poet

¹ *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy* is the subject of a special monograph by J. W. Cunliffe, London, 1894. See also Rudolf Fischer, *Zur Kunstartwicklung der englischen Tragoedie von ihren ersten Anfängen bis zu Shakespeare*. Strassburg, 1893.

and are typical only for him and his personal view of the world and of life. Thus, the treatment of the Moor and of the Jew, while common enough Elizabethan figures, from the standpoint of common human sympathy is typically Shakespearean. Thus considered, *Titus Andronicus* shows a remarkable kinship with later plays which it anticipates. Titus himself is a forerunner of Lear, while the more complicated figure of Aaron the Moor is continued and varied in Shylock, in King Richard the Third, in Othello as the Moor, and particularly in Iago, as arch villain. Similarly, the sanity, self-control, and magnanimity of Shakespeare's characterization can be traced, and is already found in this play. In like spirit, in a short paper in the *Contemporary Review* (reproduced in *Littell's Living Age*, April 28, 1894) on *Shakespeare's Natural History*, Phil Robinson finds the natural history of *Titus Andronicus* the same as that of Shakespeare's undoubted plays: "the author of *Titus Andronicus* fairly dripped Shakespeare."

Shakespeare's biographer, Sidney Lee, places a later date, 1593, to the play, without assigning any special reason, but apparently from the reported appearance of the early quarto in February, 1594. As to authorship, Lee states, "Ravenscroft's assertion deserves acceptance." A very positive contribution on the authorship and sources and relations to the older versions and kindred plays on the subject has been made by Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard University and by one of his pupils, Harold De W. Fuller, in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1901 (Vol. XVI. pp. 1-76).

To understand their argument it is necessary to premise that an old play *Titus and Vespacia*, now lost, is mentioned in the diary of Philip Henslowe, a theatrical lessee and speculator, under the title, *titus and Vespacia*, as *ne*, i. e., new, and as acted by Lord Strange's men on April 11, 1591, and repeatedly in May and June following. While this play is lost, a German play *Titus Andronicus* (1620) exists, with the character Vespasian. This play was presumably carried to the continent in the early part of the seventeenth century by English comedians acting in Germany (cf. Cohn, *Shakespeare in Germany*). Henslowe also

mentions a play *Titus and Ondronicus* as new and as acted on January 23, 1594. Now, there exists a Dutch play, *Aran en Titus* (1641), and a translation of this into German, *Andronicus mit dem Aaron* (1650). Finally, in February, 1594, a play *Titus Andronicus*, with the precise title of our present play, was entered on the Stationers' Register, together with the Ballad, already mentioned, the latter doubtless being suggested by and based upon the play. Fuller's investigations into the sources seem to warrant the conclusion that the translation from the Dutch into German (1650) and the Dutch play (1641) go back to a common Dutch source. This common source is the adaptation of an older English play carried into Holland from England and performed by English actors. Two lost English plays are therefore assumed: (1) the original of this Dutch play, believed to be the play mentioned by Henslowe as *Titus and Ondronicus*, and (2) the English original of the German play of 1620, believed to be Henslowe's play of *Titus and Vespacia*. The German play seems to be a compression of its sources, while the Dutch play treated its plot with great freedom.

Professor Baker sums up the conclusions as to the two plays mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, and the third play named on the Stationers' Register as follows: "I agree heartily, then, with Mr. Fuller that two plays, *Titus and Vespacia*, the original of G [the German version of 1620], and *Titus Andronicus*, the original of D [the Dutch version of 1641], in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain's company by perhaps late June 1594, were made over by Shakspeare at some time after June 15th, 1594, and before September 7th, 1598 (when the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres was entered in the Stationers' Register) into the play which stands under his name. . . . To put the original of G. before 1586, the original of D. between 1588 and 1590, a revamped *Titus and Vespacia* in April, 1591-1592, a revamped *Titus Andronicus* in January, 1594, and Shakespeare's final working over of the two plays after June 15th, 1594, is to corroborate the words of Ben Jonson in *Bartholomew Fair*: 'He that will swear *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unaccepted at here [in October, 1614] as a man whose judgment shows it

is constant and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years.' Even as far back as 1585 the story of Titus had been staged."

As to authorship Fuller believes that Shakespeare is the author of practically every line of the present play and that it belongs to the year 1594. This would make it nearly contemporary with *Richard III.* and *Lucrece*. Not only have the two characters of Aaron and King Richard many points of similarity, but the spirit of the subject-matter and even agreement in the expressions of the two plays and the poem have definite points of contact, a few of which are mentioned in the Notes. The resemblance between certain features of the plot of *Titus Andronicus* and of that of *Lucrece* is at once apparent. The disagreeable features of the play, the murders and horrors, are due to the taste of the time and the old plot, which it is not necessary to suppose that Shakespeare invented any more than in many another instance. What is Shakespeare's is the poetry of the play, of which there can be found not a few notable passages. Once more it is clear that the trend of late investigation and criticism in the case of all the early plays (*cf.* the Introduction to the three *Henry VI.* plays and to *Richard III.*) is to find more and more evidences of the hand of the master himself, though still a comparative beginner in his art, working in lines then current and popular. Such studies, however, as the recent volume devoted to *Titus Andronicus* by Mr. John M. Robertson forbid us to believe that the school of critics that strenuously resists the attribution to Shakespeare of anything not considered as a whole worthy of his genius will soon cease to appeal for the suffrages of English readers.

The *Dramatic Time* is four days on the stage with two intervals, one between Scenes i. and ii. of Act III., and another between Acts III. and IV.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

LUCTUS,

QUINTUS,

MARTIUS,

MUTIUS,

Sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCTUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,

DEMETRIUS,

CHIRON,

Sons to Tamora.

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Rome, and the Country near it.*

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus

ACT ONE

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

SATURNINUS. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,

Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then, let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bassianus. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers
of my right,

[*aloft*] The top part of the stage serving many purposes, as a balcony in *Romeo and Juliet*, &c. Here, above, in the Capitol. Cf. V. ii. 8. (B)

⁴ *successive title*, title to the succession. Cf. 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 49; *Hamlet*, V. ii. 284. (B)

⁵ *am his*, the quarto reading. The folio, *was the*. [While a copy of the quarto of 1594 has been dis-

covered, yet, as its readings are not generally accessible, the references to the “quarto” or “first quarto” in the Notes are necessarily to that of 1600.]

⁶ *age*, seniority. (B)

⁷ *Romans*. As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility,
But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

10

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marcus. Princes, that strive by factions, and by
friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand 20
A special party, have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms. 30
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field :

seventeenth century, this word is
spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*.
"Romaine" could hardly have
been pronounced *Roman*. (w)
¹⁶ *pure*, free from improper
influences. (s)

¹⁹ *empery*, empire, dominion —
frequent in this play. (s)

²¹ *party*, representative. (s)

²² *election*, nomination. Cf. ii.

120. (s)

²⁷ *accited*, summoned. (s)

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat, — by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
 And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength :
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons, 50
 And her, — to whom my thoughts are humbled all, —
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, 60
 As I am confident and kind to thee. —
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol and the Tribunes exeunt from above.*

“ pretend, claim. (B)

“ I do affy, I have faith. (W)

SCENE II. — *The Same.*

Enter a Captain and Others.

Captain. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour, and with fortune, is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Titus. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay

There is no change of place here; but as the stage is left vacant, and there is no connection between what has been done by the personages who have just left it and what is to be done by those who are just coming on it, the division made by Malone, and recognized in the concordances and in quotations, had better be left undisturbed. The case is analogous to that of scene 3 of Act I. of *Measure for Measure*. . . . [Late

editors follow the folio and do not change the scene.] (w)

² *Patron.* Herford happily calls attention to the use of the Latin *patronus*, “appointed defender.” (R)

⁵ *circumscribed*, restrained. (R)
⁷ *weeds*, garments — as often in this play. (R)

⁸ *her.* The folio and both quartos, by a common typographical error, *his*. (w) *fraught*, freight. (R)

From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears —
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These that survive let Rome reward with love ;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors :
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ? —
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Lucius. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones ;

¹⁴ *Thou, &c.*, Jupiter Capitolinus. (R)

¹⁵ *five and twenty.* Bailedon holds that this should be twenty-six (cf. III. i. 10), but that twenty-one in l. 182 is correct. He evidently does not count *Mutius*,

killed in this act, among the twenty-two of III. i. 10. (R)

¹⁶ *receptacle.* Accented on the first and third syllables. (R)

¹⁷ *Ad manes fratrum*, “to the shades of [my] brothers.” Quar-

That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

40

Tamora. Stay, Roman brethren ! — Gracious con-
queror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O, if to fight for King and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

50

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead ; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

60

" *passion*, i. e. passionate grief.

(n)

*** Cf. the similar thought in
Portia's plea, *Merchant of Venice*,
IV. i. 184-202 ; and cf. Isabella's
pleading, *Measure for Measure*,
II. ii. 58-63, 73-79. (n)

" *Patient yourself* [i. e. be
patient]. The use of *patient* as
a verb was not uncommon with
the writers of Shakespeare's time;
[but it should be remarked that it
is not found in Shakespeare's other
plays]. (w)

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chiron. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Demetrius. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive
 To tremble under Titus' threat'ning looks. 70
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
 With opportunity of sharp revenge
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
 May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen,)
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
 with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
 Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd, 80
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
 Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
 Remaineth naught but to inter our brethren,
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

⁷⁰ *Alarbus.* An insertion of Shakespeare's. In earlier versions of the story Tamora has only two sons.—Baildon. (n)

⁷¹ *the Queen of Troy.* Hecuba. (n)

⁷² *the Thracian tyrant.* Polymestor. Hecuba took vengeance upon him for the death of her son, Polydorus. She accomplished this by beguiling him into her tent. Theobald suggested to read *her* in place of *his* (l. 75). (n)

⁷³ *quit,* requite — as often. (n)

⁷⁴ *And.* Query whether we should not read, *And's.* (n)

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Enter LAVINIA.

Lavinia. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart ! —
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, attended.*

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

²⁷⁻²⁸ A lyrical lament with which and quarto 2, *grudges*. (n) are. may be compared the lines in The second folio obtains a fine *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 218-29. (n) reading by omitting *are*. (w) ³¹ *grudges*. Quarto 1, *drugges*, ¹⁰² *reserv'd*, preserved. (n) which some editors follow. Folios ¹⁰⁶ *date*, duration. (n)

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame ! 110
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their Tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire, 120
With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :
What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day ;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years, 130
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

¹¹⁴ *Solon's happiness.* Solon said that no man could be called happy before his death. (w)

¹¹⁵ *palliament,* Roman robe of state. (B)

¹¹⁶ *candidatus,* a candidate. (B)

¹¹⁶ *What !* Another interpretation is to treat *what* = *why*, i. e. *Why should, &c.* (B)

¹¹⁷ *proclamations,* five syllables. (B)

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right. — 140
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor. —
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to Hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, Prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die: 150
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make, 160
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,

¹⁴⁰ obtain and ask, obtain by asking. (R)

¹⁴¹ friends. The old copies, down to the third folio (1664), have the trifling misprint, friend. (w)

¹⁴⁴ noble Tribunes. So the folio. The quarto of 1611, peoples Tribunes. (w)

¹⁴⁰ gratulate, express satisfaction at. (R)

¹⁶¹ create, elect — the verb which is used in l. 165. So l. 168. (R)

¹⁶² Titan's, the sun god's, i. e. the sun's. Cf. II. v. 31, below. (R)

And ripen justice in this commonweal :
 Then, if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him, and say, — “ Long live our Emperor ! ”

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians and plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus, Rome’s great Emperor,
 And say, — “ Long live our Emperor Saturnine ! ”

[*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my Empress,
 Rome’s royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

180

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
 I hold me highly honour’d of your Grace :
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
 King and commander of our commonweal,
 The wide world’s emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
 Presents well worthy Rome’s imperial lord :
 Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour’s ensigns humbled at thy feet.

¹⁶⁷ *sort*, clan — explained by next words, *Patricians and plebeians.* (B)

¹⁷² *election* is a quadrisyllable, according to a common usage of Shakespeare’s day.

¹⁷⁴ *gentleness*, gracious conduct. (B)

¹⁷⁵ *onset*, beginning. (B)

¹⁷⁷ *Empress.* Here and elsewhere in this play a trisyllable, and it is sometimes so printed in the old copies.

¹⁷⁹ *the sacred Pantheon*, the temple in the Campus Martius, completed by Agrippa, B. C. 27. Cf. L. 270. (a)

¹⁸⁰ *motion*, proposal. (B)

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life ! 190
 How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ; [To TAMORA.]
 To him, that for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
 Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance : 200
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
 cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths. —
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us go. 210
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
 [Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest, then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd, withal,
 To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

¹⁹⁰⁻⁹ *A goodly . . . anew.* Capell marks these lines as an *aside.* ²⁰¹ *cheer* has been explained both as face and as mood. (B) ²⁰² *sith*, since. Cf. l. 260. (B)

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the Emperor's
guard ? 220

Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*]

Mutius. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [*Titus kills Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son. 230

Tit. Nor thou nor he are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife ;
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the Emperor needs her not,

²¹⁷ *Suum cuique*, "To every man his due." The number of Latin quotations is characteristic of the play. Cf. *Quid for Quo*, 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 109. (R)

²²⁰ No, *Titus, no, &c.* In the old folio and quarto copies this line

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is preceded by the following stage direction : *Enter aloft the Emperor with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.* They were to appear in the little gallery which was put to such various uses on our old stage. Why they were

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
 I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
 Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
 Confederates all, thus to dishonour me. 240
 Was there none else in Rome to make a stale
 But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That saidst I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome. 250

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost overshone the gallant'st dames of Rome,
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee Empress of Rome.
 Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice ?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods, —

to go there it is difficult to divine; but Collier well remarks that "the stage directions in this scene are not easily understood." (w)

²²⁰ *by leisure*, in no hurry —

Rolfe. (B)

²⁴¹ *Was there none else in Rome*, &c. So the second folio. The

earlier editions, "Was none in Rome to make a stale" [i. e. laughing-stock].

²⁴⁶ *piece*, i. e. contemptible thing. (B)

²⁵⁰ *ruffle*, be turbulent. (B)

²⁵⁴ *gallant'st*, of finest appearance. (B)

Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand, —
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of Heaven, to Rome I
swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon. — Lords, ac-
company 270
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the Heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his Followers; TAMORA
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no ; no son of mine, 280
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family :
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

²⁶³ *Hymenæus*, or Hymen, the
god of marriage. (B)

²⁷⁶ *bid*, invited. (B)

²⁷⁷ *challenged*, accused. (B)
²⁷⁸ I. e. *Mutius* Cf. II. 228-
230. (B)

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here. 290

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Mart. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Quin. } 300

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him. 300

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of Tirus kneel.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature
speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

²⁸⁸ *re-edified*, rebuilt. (B)

verse of "He is beside himself."

²⁸⁹ *He is not with himself*. The
folio omits *with*, by manifest ac-
cident. The phrase is the con-

(W)

²⁹⁰ *will speed*, desire to succeed.
(B)

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,— 310

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.— 320

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome! —

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They rise, and Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that di'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,— to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;

³¹⁰ half my soul. Possibly a reminiscence of Horace, *Odes*, I. iii. (a)

³¹⁰ The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax. The allusion, as Theobald remarked, is to a part of Sophocles' tragedy *Ajax*, in which Ulysses (wise Laertes' son) and Teucer strenuously and successfully plead with Agamemnon

for permission to bury the body of Ajax. [upon advice, on reflection.]

³¹¹ funerals, obsequies. (n)

³¹¹ dreary dumps. "Dump" originally meant a melancholy passage of poetry or music. The folio has sudden dumps, which, as Dyce has suggested, may be a misprint for sullen dumps. (w) [The quartos, dririe.]

Whether by device or no, the Heavens can tell.
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Mar. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Enter, at one side SATURNINUS, attended ; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIEON, and AARON ; at the other side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

Bas. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power, 340
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all :
Meanwhile, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir : you are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life :
Only thus much I give your Grace to know, — 350
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd :
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

²²² *device, plot.* (B)
²²³ *beholding, beholden, indebted*
— a rather frequent usage in
Shakespeare. Cf. below, V. iii.

^{33. (B)}
²²⁴ *Yes, and will nobly, &c.* This
line, found only in the folio, is
there made a part of *Titus'* speech,

by neglect to give it the proper
prefix. As Malone remarked, it
is manifestly the reply of *Marcus*
to *Titus*. (W)

²²⁵ *prise.* Perhaps better, *prise*
— a French term of the fencing-
school. (W)

²²⁶ *opinion, reputation.* (B)

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

360

Tyt. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
'T is thou, and those that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous Heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

370

Tam. Not so, my lord : the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —

[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

³⁶⁷ *To be*, because he was — as often. *controll'd*, restrained. (B)

³⁷³ *undertake*, answer. (B)

³⁶⁷ *indifferently*, impartially. (B)

³⁷⁷ *suppose*, supposition. (B)

³⁷⁰ *put it up*, i. e. put up with it. (B)

³⁸⁰ *Dissemble*. Dissimulation is

³⁷² *author to dishonour*, i. e. of your dishonour. (B)

apparently a characteristic trait of every one of Shakespeare's villains ; cf. *King Richard*, *Iago*, &c. (B)

And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his trait'rous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain. —
[Aloud.] Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come, An-
dronicus, —

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise: my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tu. I thank your Majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperor for his good. 400
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ; —
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable. —
And fear not, lords, — and you Lavinia. —
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty. 410

[*MAECUS, LAVINIA, and the Sons of TITUS
kneel.*

²²⁴ you. Thus the quarto of 1600. That of 1611 misprinted *supplant us*, which was not corrected in the folio. (w)

²²⁵ entreats, entreaties. let me alone, give me full swing, leave me full room for action. (B)

Luc. We do; and vow to Heaven, and to his Highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not: trouble us no more. —

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.

The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace:
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

420

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swear,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends. —
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

430

With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*

⁴¹² *Tend'ring*, having a care for — a frequent usage. (B)

⁴¹³ Here the old copies read *Stand up: Lavinia, though you left me like a churl.* White thought with Dyce that *Stand up* is a stage direction which was accidentally added to the line. Sense and rhythm, he said, are perfect without these two words; and stage directions used to be written in

this brief, imperative style. So he omitted l. 422 and gave the direction [*All rise*]. (B)

⁴¹⁴ *part*, i. e. depart — as often. (B)

⁴¹⁵ *love-day*. The Church appointed days for the settlement of disputes. (B)

⁴¹⁶ *bonjour*, good morning. (B)

⁴¹⁷ *gramercy*, "many thanks." (B)

Act Two.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.**AARON.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,

Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills;

So Tamora.—

Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,

10

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;

And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

Than is Prometheus ti'd to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!

or hawk's flight—a term used
frequently in falconry or hunting.

(B)

16 charming, having the power
to charm, i. e., to exercise a spell.

(B)

18 weeds, garments. (B) and
servile thoughts. So the quarto of
1600. The quarto of 1611 has, by
some error we may be sure, and
idle thoughts, which poor reading
was left uncorrected in the folio.

(W)

* Secure of, safe from. (B)
* Advanc'd above. The folio
misprints, *Aduano'd about*. (W)
[envy's, hate's].

* overlooks, looks down on.—

Baldon. (B)

10 will. Although the old
copies have *wit*, and *Tamora has*
wit, there is small doubt that War-
burton and Collier's folio of 1692,
in reading *will*, corrected the very
easy mistake of *wit* for *wil*.

14 pitch, the height of a falcon's

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empress. 20
To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo ! what storm is this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou do'st over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30

'T is not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs ! clubs ! these lovers will not keep the
peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

²² *this nymph.* So the quarto of 1600. The folio, following the quarto of 1611, has *this Queen*, with manifest error ; the word having been caught from the end of the preceding line.

²² *grac'd*, handsomely treated. (R)

²² *affected*, loved. (R)

²² *braves*, threats. Cf. *braving* in the stage direction above. (R)

²² *approve*, prove — as frequently. (R)

²² *Clubs ! clubs !* This was the cry of the London 'prentices in a tumult, as all readers of *The Fortunes of Nigel* will remember. [Cf. *1 Henry VI.*, I. iii. 84.]

²² *unadvis'd*, ill advised. (R)

²² *dancing-rapier*, a sword worn merely for the purposes of ornament. (R)

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ? 40
 Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy ; grow ye so brave ? [They draw.
Aar. Why, how now, lords !

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge :
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns ; 50
 Nor would your noble mother for much more
 Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I ; till I have sheath'd
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
 Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say ! 60
 Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all. —
 Why, lords, — and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jet upon a prince's right ?
 What ! is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,

⁴¹ *lath*, i. e. sword — used contemptuously. (R)

⁴² *maintain*, accented on the first syllable. (R)

⁴³ *Not I.* While Warburton seems to have been right in sug-

gesting that this speech really belongs to *Chiron*, editors have not made the change. (R)

⁴⁴ *jet upon*, encroach on. Cf. *Richard III.*, II. iv. 51. Quartos *jet, folios set.* (R)

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! — an should the Empress
know

This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice.

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
Rome

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love. 80

Aar. To achieve her! — How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

⁷⁰ *ground* — “a play upon the musical sense” of this word = plain-song or theme. — Rolfe. (R)

⁷⁰ *propose*, look forward to. *achieve, win.* (R) *whom I love.* The folio has, very redundantly, *whom I do love*, in which it but copies a misprint of the quarto of 1611. (W)

⁸⁰⁻² Cf. the very similar lines in 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78, and *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228. They also occur in Robert Greene's *Planetomachia* (Greene's Works, ed. Grosart, V. 587). (R)

⁸⁰ *more water, &c.* — a Scotch proverb. (R)

⁸⁰ *shive, slice.* (R)

Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [Aside.] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?
What ! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose ?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too ;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye, — and are you such fools,
To square for this ? Would it offend you, then, 100
That both should speed ?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame ! be friends, and join for that
you jar.

*Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect ; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste

⁹⁰ *Vulcan's badge*, i. e. horns.
To fill the line some pronounce
worn as a dissyllable; others *Vul-*
can's as a trisyllable, sounding the
possessive ending. To modern
ears a long pause after *he* seems
preferable. (R)

⁹³⁻⁴ These lines recall Shake-
speare's own escapade as a young
man at Stratford. (R)

¹⁰⁰ *square* — i. e. as in boxing.
Cf. I. 124, where, however, the
idea of arranging may be implied.
(R)

¹⁰³ *jar*, are quarrelling about. (R)

¹⁰⁵ *affect*, i. e. desire. (R)

¹⁰⁶ *Lucrece*. The references to
both the Lucrece and the Philomel
legends are naturally very frequent
in this play, both owing to the

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than ling'ring languishment

110

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand :

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.

Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words :

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come ; our Empress, with her sacred wit,

120

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The Emperor's court is like the House of Fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears :

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :

There serve your lust, shadow'd from Heaven's eye,

130

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

kinship of subject and to the fact
that Shakespeare, if he wrote *Titus*,
about this very time had been writing
his *Rape of Lucrece*. Cf. II. iv.
26 ; IV. i. 47, 48, 64 ; V. ii. 195,
&c. (B)

¹¹⁰ *A speedier course than*. All editions before Rowe's had *A speedier course this*. (W)

¹¹² *solemn*, formal. (B)

¹¹⁶ *kind*, nature. (B)

¹²⁰ *sacred*. Usually taken, as by White, in its classical sense = devoted to, accursed. Rolfe thinks it is used ironically.

¹²⁸ *file our engines*, sharpen our wits. (B)

¹³² *Sit fas aut nefas*, "be it

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To attend the Emperor's person carefully.
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[*Horns wind a peal, and a cry of hounds heard.*]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIBON, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty:—
 Madam, to you as many and as good.—
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

right or wrong." Cf. I. ii. 217. (R) *the stream.* The folio has the misprints *the streams*, and, in the next line, *their fits.* (W) [The text readings are from the quarto.]

¹²² *Per Styga, &c.* Baileon says: "I am borne across the Styx and among the shades of the dead; meaning that nothing will turn him back. Both these tags

are from Seneca's *Hippolitus*, 1180-1. But *vehor* should be *segnor.*" Cf. Seneca's *Hercules Furens*: *iam Styga et manes feror fugere credis.* (R)

II. ii 1-6 and iii. 12-29, 93-104, &c. are characteristic descriptive and nature passages such as Shakespeare abounds in. (R)

¹²³ *bay, barking.* (R)

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport. — Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord, 20
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,

¹⁷ *broad.* Omitted only by the
folio — accidentally, without a
doubt.

¹⁸ *horse* — an old plural form.
The praise of horses and dogs and
the references to hunting the deer
(cf. especially, i. 93-94) may
plausibly be compared with fa-

mous passages in Shakespeare's
earliest poem, *Venus and Adonis*,
and with the traditions that have
come down with regard to his
youth in Warwickshire. (B)

²⁴ *run like.* The first folio,
runnes like.

² *inherit*, acquire, possess.

Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[Hides the gold.

That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,

10

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Repling shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave, —
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

20

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,

30

* Seemingly an ironical reference to *Tamora's* intended vengeance. (R)

²⁰ *yelling*, Pope's reading. Folios, *yelping*. Quartos and

Cambridge editors, *yellowing*. (R)

²² *prince*, *Aeneas*. (R)

²³ *happy*, lucky. (R)

²⁴ *with*, by. (R)

Saturn is dominator over mine,
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy ?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder when she doth unrol
 To do some fatal execution ?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll. —
 Now question me no more ; we are espied :
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
 life !

Aar. No more, great Empress. Bassianus comes :
 Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*]

¹¹ *Saturn*, the planet affecting those of "saturnine" temperament. Used in opposition to *Venus* in the preceding line, the planet exercising quite other influence. (n)

¹² *deadly-standing* — staring like a dead man's. (n)

¹³ *execution* — five syllables. (n)

¹⁴ *Philomel*. Philomela's tongue

was cut out by Tereus after he had ravished her. (n)

¹⁵ *question*. If this means here *discuse*, as it seems to do, for *Tamora* has been silent throughout *Aaron's* harangue, it is possible that we ought to read *we* instead of *me*, i. e. "Now let us talk no more about this." (n)

¹⁶ *parcel*, part. (n)

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal Empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop;
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps! 60
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
It is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day! 70
It is pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

[“] *Unfurnish'd of*, unaccompanied by. (R) *her*. So the quarto of 1600; that of 1611 *our*, in which misprint it was followed by all other old editions. (W)

[“] *presently*, instantly. (R)

[“] *Actæon* was transformed by Diana into a stag. (R)

[“] *drive upon thy new-transformed limbs*. Collier's folio of 1692, with specious literalism, has *dine*. The quarto of 1611 has *his*

new-transformed limbs, in which it was followed by subsequent old copies. (W)

[“] *doubted*, suspected. (R)

[“] *Cimmerian*. In classical poetry the Cimmerians were supposed to be a people dwelling in darkness on the confines of the earth. (R)

[“] *sequester'd* — accented on the first syllable. So *obscure*, l. 77. (R)

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport, 80
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness! — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother!

Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan? 90

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

⁷⁸ *but.* Omitted by the quarto of 1611, which was followed by the folio.

⁷⁹ *joy, enjoy,* as often in Shakespeare. Cf. *Richard II*, V. vi. 26, *Richard III*, II. iv. 59 &c. White prefixed an apostrophe. (n)

⁸⁰ *note.* The folios and the quartos have *notes*, erroneously, as Steevens observed, and as the next line shows. (w)

⁸¹ *slips,* i. e. from right conduct. But *Tamora* had just mar-

ried *Saturninus*, and editors try to explain the line by supposing that this scene deals with a later hunt than the one immediately after the marriage. (n)

⁸² *abus'd, deceived.* (n)

⁸³ *have I.* The folio and the quartos, *I have*, but the interrogation mark at the end of the line shows that this is the result of mere accidental transposition.

⁸⁴ *O'ercome, covered over.* (n)

⁸⁵ *fatal, ill-omened.* (n)

And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me
 here

100

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

110

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
 strength. [Also stabbing Bas., who dies.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis ! — nay, barbarous
 Tamora ;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

¹⁰¹ *urchins*, i. e. hedgehogs. (w)

¹⁰² *As*, that. (R)

¹¹⁰ *Lascivious Goth*, implying a
 quibble on *goat*. Cf. *As You Like It*, III. iii. 9. (R)

¹¹⁵ The metre of this line halts.
 Some make *children* a trisyllable ;
 as did White, who thought it more
 than probable that the line was

written *Or be not henceforth call'd
 my childeren*. Others prefer to
 read *called* instead of *call'd*. A
 better line would result if *hence-
 forward* were read for *henceforth*.
 (R)

¹¹⁸ *Semiramis*, a queen of As-
 syria, noted for her licentiousness
 and cruelty. (R)

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my
boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mighthiness :
And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that
sure. —

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak : away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them, 140
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam ?

¹²⁴ stood upon, held fast, or set
great store by. (B)

¹²⁵ And with that painted hope
braves your mighthiness. [The read-
ing of the quartos and first folio.
Second, third, and fourth folios
insert she after hope.] A line
manifestly corrupt. But perhaps

we might read *And with that faint
hope braves, &c.* [Herford inter-
prets as specious confidence.]

¹²⁶ ye desire. Quartos and folio,
we desire, corrected in the
second folio.

¹²⁸ nice preserved honesty, care-
fully cherished chastity. (B)

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee.
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble ;
 Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :
 Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself a
 bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark :
 Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now ! 150
 The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her !

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
 thee,

Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears. 160

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I pitiless. —
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
 To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

¹⁴² *learn* and *teach* (l. 142) used indiscriminately in the early periods of the language, and still a survival dialectically. (R)

¹⁴³ *prove myself a bastard?* *Lavinia* says nothing about *Chiron's* father ; but his reply would justify the belief that *Tamora* had played false with a true Milesian. How was he to prove himself "a bas-

tard" by being unlike *his mother*? (w)

¹⁵² *paws.* Some editors, e. g. *Baldon*, read *claws*, thus reducing the alliteration. (R)

¹⁵³ *forlorn*, accented on the first syllable and used in the primary sense of "lost." (R)

¹⁶⁰ *obdurate*, accented on the second syllable. (R)

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will :
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora ! be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place ;
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long : 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus di'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee :

No ; let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stay'd us here too
long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly
creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. — Bring thou
her husband : [Dragging off LAVINIA.]
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Exit.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her
sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

¹⁷² *fond*, foolish — as often. (R)

¹⁸⁰ This is happily inconsistent
with ll. 129-130. (R)

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. 190

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espi'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you : were't not for
shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the pit.*

Quin. What ! art thou fallen ? What subtle hole
is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ? 10
A very fatal place it seems to me :—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O brother ! with the dismal'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the King to find
them here ;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

¹⁹¹ *spleenful*, passionate. (B) stage-direction *Re-enter AARON.*
Late editors do not introduce *with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.* Cf.
a new scene here, but employ the I. ii. (B)

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints :
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of the pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand, —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath, —
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

30

40

²⁰ *uncouth*, unknown, and therefore strange and horrible. (R) 1600; the quarto of 1611 misprinted *earthly* and was followed by the folio. (w)

²¹ *embrued*, covered with blood. (R)

²² *on, in. a.* So the quartos. The folios, *the.* (R)

²³ The legendary property of the carbuncle. (R)

²⁴ *earthy.* So the quarto of

²⁰ *ragged*, rugged. (R)

²⁴ Cf. *Midsummer Night's*

Dream, III. i. 50. (R)

²⁴ *receptacle*, accented on the first and third syllables. (R)

²⁴ *Cocytus*, one of the six riv-

ers of Hades. (R)

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
 Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink. 50

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
 help.

Quin. Thy hand once more : I will not loose
 again,
 Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
 Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :— I 'll see what hole is here,
 And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
 Say, who art thou, that lately did'st descend
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour, 60
 To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know, thou dost but jest :
 He and his lady both are at the lodge,
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
 'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
 But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
 and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the King ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ? 70

“ loose, i. e. loose hold. (n) nowhere else in Shakespeare with
 “ chase, hunting-ground. Used this meaning. (n)

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound :
Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.

Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a letter.

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murtherous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] “*An if we miss to meet him hand-somely, —*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean, —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.*

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward 80

*Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.”

O Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murther'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [to TITUS] fell curs of
bloody kind, 90

Have here bereft my brother of his life. —

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

⁷⁴ *complot*, plot. *timeless*, untimely. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. ii. 117. (B)

⁷⁷ *An if*, if — a double form, and a frequent usage. (B)

⁸¹ *elder-tree*. Bailedon notes that this tree was popularly supposed to have some of the quali-

ties of the upas-tree, and refers to the notion that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. (B)

⁸² *decreed*, resolved. (B)

⁸⁴ *purchase us*, win us as. (B)

⁸⁴ *torturing pain*. Quartos and folio have *torturing paine* — a common spelling, and indicative of the

Tam. What ! are they in this pit ? O wondrous thing !
How easily murther is discovered !

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed ;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, —

100

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see, it is apparent. —
Who found this letter ? Tamora, was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murther'd body, some the murtherers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

110

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King :
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to walk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. — *The Same.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished ;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

common pronunciation of *ure* in
Shakespeare's time. (w)

¹⁰⁷ *their suspicion*, i. e. the sus- picion that has fallen on them. (B)

¹¹⁴ *Fear not, fear not for.* Cf.
Richard III., I. i. 137. (B)

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou had'st hands to help thee knit the cord. 10

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Horns heard. Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Mar. Who's this,— my niece, that flies away so fast ?

Cousin, a word : where is your husband ?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches ; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As have thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—
Alas ! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

20

¹ *scrawl.* The folio misprints *scoule.* (w)

² *sweet,* perfumed — perhaps. (n)

³ *case,* Pope's very plausible emendation. Folios, *cause.* (n)

⁴ *Cousin,* i. e. "niece," as in preceding line. Cf. *Richard III.*

III. i. 2, where *cousin* = nephew. (n)

⁵ He would give all his wealth to find it but a dream. (n)

⁶ *As have thy love.* The old copies, absurdly, *As halfe thy love.* The error was independently corrected by Theobald and Dyce, and in Collier's folio of 1632. (w)

Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee,
 And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, —
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, —
 Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
 O that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee: 40
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

^{**} *Tereus hath defloured thee.*
 Tereus, King of Thrace, married
 Progne, to whose sister Philomela
 he was much attached, and of
 whom he at last became desper-
 ately enamoured. He ravished her,
 and, to free himself from her re-
 proaches and her accusations, cut
 out her tongue. She finally made
 known her situation by means of
 her needle (sampler fashion): she
 was succoured by her sister Progne,
 who took revolting and unnatural
 vengeance upon Tereus. Progne
 was changed into a swallow, and

Philomela into a nightingale. [Cf.
 Barnfield's well-known "ode," *As
 it fell upon a day*, &c., in the *Pas-
 sionate Pilgrim*; and *Lucrece*,
 1128-1148.] (w)

^{**} *detect*, expose. (R) him.
 Rowe corrected the misprint *them*,
 which is found in all the old
 copies. (w)

^{**} *to be*, at being. *with*, by.
 (R)

^{**} *tedious*, taking long to make.
 (R)

^{**} *mind*, meaning. (R)
^{**} *mean*, means. (R)

He would not then have touch'd them for his life !
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep, 50
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [Exeunt.

ACT THREE.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with
 MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the
 place of execution ; TITUS going before, pleading.*

TITUS. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble Tribunes,
 stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;

* Which that sweet tongue hath made. This line is imperfect in all the old copies, and plainly by accident. Collier's folio of 1632 completes it in one way by reading Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy ; and, as Dyce remarks, the reader, if the gods have

made him poetical, can complete it in another. (w)

^{so} fell, fallen. (B)

^{as} the Thracian poet, Orpheus, who, when he sought his wife, Eurydice, by his music charmed Cerberus, the watch-dog of Hades. (B)

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed :
 For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the
 Prisoners.]

O Earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In Summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still ;
 In Winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend Tribunes ! O, gentle, aged men !
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father ! you lament in vain :

¹¹ *bed.* Although Baildon has some ground for arguing, from this and other passages, that honour is represented as a woman whose favours brave men seek, his emphasis upon the idea may well be avoided, since it might very easily lead the literal-minded to an unpleasantly grotesque interpretation. (B)

¹² *these, these.* The text of the

second folio is the first in which *these* is repeated. Some word is needed; and Malone read *good*. [*Throwing himself on the ground.*] The old stage direction is, *ANDBONICUS lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.* (w)

¹⁷ *urns.* The old copies, *ruines*, an easy misprint for *urnes*. The correction was left for Hanmer to make. (w)

The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius ! for thy brothers let me plead. — 30
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me ; yet plead I must,
And bootless, unto them.

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale. [Rising. 40
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me :
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than
stones ;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

²⁴⁻²⁵ or if they did mark, &c.
The quarto of 1600 (for the readings of which the present edition is dependent upon Collier's collations) gives this text, which is perhaps not uncorrupted. The quarto of 1611 has

“ . . . or if they did marke
All bootless unto them
Therefore I tell my sorrows boot-
less to the stones,” &c.

The folio then has, with a new variation of error,

“ . . . oh if they did heare
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes boot-
les to the stones,” &c.

27-47, 222-23, &c., furnish instances of the conceits characteristic of Shakespeare's early plays.

(B)

“ For, because. *intercept*, in-
terrupt. (R)

“ *weeds*, garments — as before.

(B)

“ A line of six beats. (B)

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
 'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands, 80
 For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer, 90
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man, 100
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;

Titus could not possibly chop off
 both his hands is a decidedly pro-
 saic one. (a)

⁷⁶ *prayer*, a dissyllable. Cf. *hour*, l. 191. (B)
⁸¹ *are*. The folio and the quarto
 of 1611 have *is*.

⁸³ *engine*, instrument. (B)
⁸¹ *unrecuring*, incurable. (B)
⁸⁷ *envious*, malignant — as

often. (B) ⁸⁸ *his*, i. e. its. The regular
 form of old, not a personification. (B)

But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me ; what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. 110
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost withered.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband ;
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. 120
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ? 130

¹⁰² *spurn*, thrust. (R)

¹²⁶ *like*. The error of all the

¹⁰⁶ *lively*, living. (R)

old copies, *in*, was corrected by

¹¹⁶ *them*. So the quarto of 1600 ;
 that of 1611 and the folio have *him*.
 (W)

Rowe. (W) [Note the frequent
 use of external nature in this
 play.]

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of farther misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your
 grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece ! — Good Titus, dry
 thine eyes !

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot, 140
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia ! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs.
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee :
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss. 150

• *Enter AARON.*

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this word, — that, if thou love thy sons,
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King : he for the same

¹⁴¹ *napkin*, handkerchief. (B)

¹⁴⁷ *his true*. Quartos and folio
 have *her*. The undeniable cor-
 rection was made in the folio of
 1685. (w)

¹⁵⁰ *limbo*, here used for "hell."

Strictly, the borders of hell, to
 which were assigned the patri-
 archs (*limbus patrum*) who died
 before Christ's resurrection. (B)

Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious Emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise? 160
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? 170
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, 180
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

¹⁶¹ Another and a poor line of literally: "the Gothic strong-six beats. (B) hold."¹⁷¹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ *castle*, a close, strong helmet. *both*, i. e. of you, *Titus* and *Lucius*. (B) [Herford interprets the passage

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar.

But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both :

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [Aside.] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

190

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off* TITUS's hand.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife : what shall be, is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand :

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it :

More hath it merited ; that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand,

200

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. — O, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to Heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,

¹⁹⁰ sort, fashion. (B)

¹⁹⁷ account of, consider. (B)

To that I call. — What ! wilt thou kneel with me ?

[To LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart ; for Heaven shall hear our prayers, 210
 Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O, brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
 Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes. 220
 When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
 I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
 Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
 Then, must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.
 For why my bowels cannot hide her woes, 230
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then, give me leave ; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Messenger. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.

²⁰⁹ *wilt*, the folio reading. Quar-
 toes and Cambridge editors, *would*.

(R)

²¹² *sometime*, sometimes. (R)

(R) ²¹⁴ *with*, within the limits of.

²²⁴ *coil*, confusion. (R)

²²⁵ *blow*. The quartos and the
 first folio, *flow*, which the second
 folio corrected. (W)

²²⁸ *with*, by. (R)

²³⁰ *For why*, because.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
 And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back :
 Thy g'iefs, their sports ; thy resolution mock'd ;
 That v'oe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit. 240]

Mar. Now, let hot *A*Etna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

[*LAVINIA* kisses him.]

Mar. Alas, poor heart ! that kiss is comfortless, 250
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus.
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;
 Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

²⁴⁰ *That, so that.* (B)

²⁴⁴ *some deal, some part, some-
what.* (B)

²⁴¹ *starved, "benumbed with
cold."* Cf. 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i.
343. (Rolle) — deprived of mo-
tion. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, I.
i. 257. (B)

²⁴² This line is cited by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in his article on *Poetry* in the *Encyclo-
pedia Britannica* as an example
of "relative" and not "absolute
vision." "The poet, as repre-
senting the whole human race,

throwing himself into the im-
agined situation, gives us what
general humanity would have
thought, felt, said, or done in that
situation not what one particular
individual, and he alone would
have thought, felt, said, or done."

²⁴⁶ *dear sight* [i. e. one nearly
affecting him. There is no need
to alter to *dire* or *dread* or even
drear]. *Dear* has here, as in many
other passages in these plays, an
intensifying, superlative sense. We
still say *my dearest friend* ; but

Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control my griefs :
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand 260
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave ? 270
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear : 280
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these aims ;

Hamlet (I. ii. 182), says *my dearest
joe.*

²⁵⁰ *my.* Theobald, with much
plausibility, read *thy*. The old
text has, however, a very clear
and appropriate meaning. (w)
[control, restrain.]

²⁶⁰ *Rend.* The old copies, *Rent*

— another form of the same word.
(B)

²⁷⁰ *heavy*, sorrowful. Cf. ii.
49, *heaviness.* (B)

²⁸¹ *Lavinia, thou shalt be em-
ployed in these aims.* The folio
has, *And Lavinia thou shalt be
employd in these things*, from

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
 Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again, 290
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his Empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit. 300]

which the quartos differ only in reading *these armes*. White held that the reading of the folio is a sophistication of that of the quartos, and the latter is a misprint for *these aimes*. *Aim*, in the sense of plan, design, does not need the support which it receives from its use elsewhere in these plays. *And* was probably caught from the line above. It was first omitted in the second folio. The Cambridge editors proposed for the whole line: *And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd*, explaining that some corrector wrote *armes*

above *teeth* (l. 282) as a substitute. *armes* being then understood by the printer as belonging to the previous line, it was printed as in the quarto. (B)

²⁹¹ *leaves*. The old copies *loves*, which Rowe corrected. (W)

²⁹² *tofore*, *hitherto*, *heretofore*. (B)

²⁹³ *oblivion*. Four syllables. (B)

²⁹⁴ *Empress*. Trisyllabic. Cf. IV. ii. 104 and 142. Elsewhere, as in IV. ii. 70, the usual pronunciation is found. (B)

²⁹⁵ *power*, *army*. (B)

SCENE II.—*A Room in TITUS's House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit ; and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
Who when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
Then, thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,

The whole scene is omitted in
the quartos. (B)

⁴ sorrow-wreathen knot. Cf.
l. 7. (B)

⁶ passionate, express by action.
(B)

⁸ Who certainly makes the
passage entirely inconsequential.
But Dyce asks, with much reason,
if this may not be due to the au-
thor's ungrammatical use of the

relative. Rowe and subsequent
editors change Who to And,
regardless of the utter dissimi-
larity of the words in form and
sound.

¹² map, picture. (B)

¹³ with outrageous beating.
First folio, without rarious beating.
(B)

¹⁷ against, over against. (B)

¹⁸ That, so that. (B)

May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

20

Mar. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to
lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote
already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?

Ah ! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ?
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still, that we have none.

30

Fie, fie ! how frantically I square my talk !

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—

Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this.—

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says ;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs :

She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her cheeks.—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

40

As begging hermits in their holy prayers :

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

¹⁷ To bid, &c., i. e. to do something equivalent to bidding. (R)

¹⁸ still, always ; in l. 45, constant. Schmidt conjectured that the adjective here meant "silent," "dumb," but the above is the usual interpretation. Cf. *Richard III.*, IV. iv. 229. (R)

¹⁹ square, adjust. (R)

²⁰ martyr'd signs, i. e. signs of martyrdom, or signs of her a martyr. (R)

²¹ mash'd. The not very happy allusion is to the mash-tub of the brewing-house. [The old copies, mesh'd.]

²² be as perfect, show as complete comprehension. (R)

But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas ! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears, 50
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord — a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas ! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother, 60
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?
Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir : it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor ; therefore, I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O !
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;

“ of, from. (B) reading. Theobald, with some
“ passion, passionate grief — plausibility, read *lamenting dolings*.
as before. (B) (W) 71 *insult on*, triumph over. (R)
“ lamenting doings [lamenta-
tions]. A very unsatisfactory

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah! —

Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

80

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T F O U R.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before Titus's House.*

Enter Titus and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
with books, which he drops, LAVINIA running after
him.

BOY. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

⁷⁰ *Yet I think.* An imperfect line, which the reader can amend by reading *Why, yet I think*, or *Yet still I think*, or *But yet I think*, or *Yet do I think*, or *Yet I do think*,

or by almost any other monosyllabic alteration of the line that may occur to him. (w)

⁷¹ *take away*—i. e. clear the table. (B)

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: — somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

10

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit, or frenzy, do possess her;

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

20

Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS had let fall.*

¹ Fear her not, the quarto reading. Folios, Fear not. (R)

¹² *Cornelia*, the mother of the Gracchi. (R)

¹⁴ *Tully's Orator*, M. Tullius Cicero's treatise *de Oratore*. (R)

¹⁵ Canst thou not guess, &c. By the absence of the required prefix, this line is made a part of

the preceding speech in the old editions. But the third line of young *Lucius'* following speech shows that he is not replying to his "grandsire" *Titus*. (w)

²⁰ *Hecuba of Troy*, wife of Priam, King of Troy. Cf. *Hamlet* II., ii. 523 ff. (R)

Tit. How now, Lavinia ! — Marcus, what means this ? ^{so}
 Some book there is that she desires to see. —
 Which is it, girl, of these ? — Open them, boy. —
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the Heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
 What book ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
 one

Confederate in the fact. — Ay, more there was ; 40
 Or else to Heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses :
 My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves !
 Help her : what would she find ? — Lavinia, shall I read ?
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. 50

Mar. See, brother, see ! note, how she quotes the
 leaves.

^{as} *thou*, i. e. *Lavinia*. (R)
^{as} *What book ?* These words
 appear only in the folio. Dyce
 suggests that "perhaps the trans-
 scriber had inadvertently passed
 on to the line, *Lucius, what book*,
 &c., and when he afterwards per-
 ceived his mistake, and drew his
 pen through the misplaced line, he
 may have left two words of it not
 fully blotted out." But it should
 be remarked that *Lavinia* is

searching among the books ; and
 perhaps the line is mutilated. (W)

^{as} *in sequence*, one following
 the other. (R)

^{as} *fact*, crime — as frequently.
 (R)

^{as} *quotes the leaves*, i. e. observes
 them ; as in *Hamlet*, II. i. 111-12,

"I am sorry that with better heed
 and judgment
 I had not quoted him." (W)

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ? —
See, see ! —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there !)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murthers, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den, 60
Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece : — brother, sit down by
me. —
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find ! —
My lord, look here ; — look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst, 70
This after me when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with feet and mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift ! —
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides
it with her stumps, and writes.*

[“] *erst*, formerly, of old. (R)

[“] *this*. The folio has, by ac-
cidental repetition, *that*. (W)

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of Tamora 80
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*

Tam lensus audis scelera? tam lensus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me, — as with the woful fere, 90
And father, of that chaste, dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back; 100
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone;

⁷⁰ *stuprum*, violation. (B)
⁷¹ *Great ruler of the heavens, art thou so slow in hearing and seeing crimes?* Adapted from Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671. *Magni* should probably be the vocative *Magne*. (B)

⁷² *the woful fere.* "Fere," from the Anglo-Saxon, *ge-fera* = a companion, was used of old for "wife."

⁷³ *good advice*, "well considered means." Rolfe. Cf. ii. 10, where *well advis'd* means perhaps "possessed of his full faculties." (B)

⁷⁴ *hunt.* So the folio and the quarto of 1611. Rowe and many subsequent editors needlessly read *hurt*. The first line of this speech is probably mutilated.

⁷⁵ *wind*, scent. (B)

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by. The angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
 And where's your lesson then? — Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome. 110

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
 For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both.
 Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course. 120
 Lavinia, come. — Marcus, look to my house:
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court;
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.]

Mar. O Heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

¹⁰⁴ *gad* is the Anglo-Saxon for any pointed weapon, or the point of any weapon; and an *ox gad* or *goad* was originally a rod tipped with a point. The name has remained, although a lash has taken the place of the point. (w)

¹⁰⁵ *Sibyl's leaves*, the leaves of

the Sibyl, containing the prophecies. (B)

¹¹⁰ *bondmen*, as prisoners of war. (B)

¹²⁵ *compassion*, the verb, — “have compassion on.” (B)

¹³⁰ *ecstasy*, frenzy. Cf. below, iv. 21. (B)

But yet so just, that he will not revenge. —

Revenge, ye Heavens, for old Andronicus !

[Exit. 130]

SCENE II. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius; He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may, I greet your honours from Andronicus; —

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

10

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.

And so I leave you both, [*aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

¹³⁰ *ye.* The conjecture of John-
son. Folios and quartos, *the.* is necessary to the speech. [*de-*
cipher'd, found out.]

(B) ¹⁰ *well advis'd, in his right*

⁸ *That you are both decipher'd,*
&c. This line, found in both
quartos, is omitted in the folio. It *mind.* (B)

¹⁰ *appointed, equipped.* (B)

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round about?

Let's see;

Integer vita, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O! 't is a verse in Horace. I know it well: I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just! — a verse in Horace; — right, you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! Here's no fond jest! the old man hath found their guilt, And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines, That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick; But were our witty Empress well afoot, She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: But let her rest in her unrest a while. —

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so, Captives, to be advanced to this height? It did me good, before the palace gate To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius? Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

²⁰⁻¹ *Integer vita, &c.*, from Horace's *Odes*, I. 22. "He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow." (R)

²² The writer is probably recording his own experience. (R)

²⁴ *just*, precisely. (R)

²⁶ *fond*. The old copies, *found* [Cambridge editors, *sound*]. Theo-

bald suggested that *found* is a misprint for *fond* = foolish, which is accepted by this text.

²⁷ *them*. The quarto of 1611 misprinted *the*, and the folio repeated the error.

²⁹ *well afoot*, herself in good health. (R)

³⁰ *insinuate*, insinuate himself. (R)

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
over. [Trumpets sound.]

Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son.

50

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords. O, tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from Heaven's
eye,

60

Our Empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is delivered, lords; she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

“ *At such a bay*, i. e. in such a *grim*, xi. 13: “Ah, that I had my
situation, under such circumstances. So in the *Passionate Pil-* lady at this bay!” (w)
“ *Belike*, probably. (B)

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the Devil's dam :
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal, 70
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore ! is black so base a hue ? —
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loath'd choice !
Accur'd the offspring of so foul a fiend ! 80

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

Aar. What ! must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

" 'Zounds ! The quartos,
Zounds. The folio, Out ! —
doubtless in consequence of the
statute against profanity so often
referred to.

" *blowsy.* If "blowsy" mean
ruddy and fat-faced, which it seems
to do, the substantive would seem
not correctly applied to a new-born
black-a-moor child. Perhaps it
had passed into a familiar term of
jocose endearment for a child. (w)

[Baldon sees in it, probably with acute penetration, "another extraordinary instance of Shakespeare's encyclopedic knowledge, as negro children are not born black but red," &c.]

" *I have done thy mother.* [This speech is omitted in the folios.] See "I could not do withal," *Merchant of Venice*, III. iv. 72.

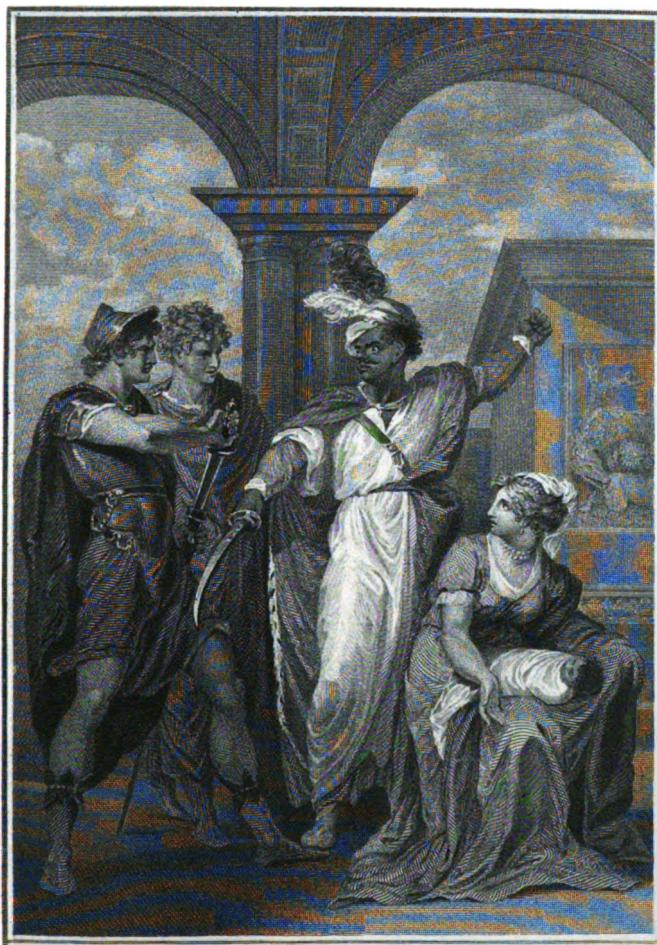
" *broach,* spit. (n)

“HE DIES UPON MY SCIMITAR'S SHARP POINT,
THAT TOUCHES THIS MY FIRST-BORN SON AND
HEIR”

From an engraving by J. Hogg, after the painting by
T. Kirk

TITUS ANDRONICUS, Act IV, Sc. ii





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Gouill & C^{ie}, Paris.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murtherous villains ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

90

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !

Ye white-lim'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue ;

100

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the Empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth :

This, before all the world, do I prefer ;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

110

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

^{**} *Enceladus*, the Titan confined under Aetna. (R)

^{**} *Alcides*, Hercules. (R)

^{**} *Typhon's brood*. Typhon was a terrible monster, who with his brood, brethren and creatures like him, giants of fire and wind, had his abode in the lower regions of Tartarus.

^{**} *sanguine*, blood-coloured. (R)

^{**} *white-lim'd walls*. Cf.

" whited sepulchres." (R)

¹⁰¹ *ocean*, trisyllabic. Cf. iii.

7. (R)

¹¹⁰ *maugre*, notwithstanding. (R)

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father 120
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light :
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice : 130
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

¹¹⁸ *escape*, transgression. Cf. ¹¹⁹ *leer*, i. e. look, complexion.
" *escapade*." (R) (W)

¹¹⁵ *ignominy*. Collier says, "All ¹²² *sensibly*, after the manner of
the copies read, *ignominy*." The first creatures that feel. (R)
folio has *ignominie* — erroneously, ¹²³ *self*, same, self-same. (R)
as the rhythm shows. (W) ¹²⁴ *Advise thee*, consider. (R)

¹¹⁶ *close*, secret. *enacts*, de- ¹²⁵ *have the wind of you*, i. e.
terminations. "Actions" and keep watch of you — a hunting
"working" are also proposed as term. (R)

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we join in league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child?

140

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the delivered Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the Empress; tell her, this I said.—

[*Stabbing her: she screams.*

Weke, weke! — so cries a pig, prepared to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no. 150
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,

¹²⁰ *as.* The folio misprints *at*.

¹²² *Not far, one Muli lives.* The old copies have *one Muliteus*. It seems very clear that [Steevens's conjecture] *Muli lives* (perhaps written closely together) was mistaken for *Muliteus* by a transcriber or compositor. Collier's folio of 1692 has *Not far hence Muli lives.*

¹⁴⁴ *pack, plot.* So "a pack, a conspiracy against me," *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. 123, and "That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, could witness it," *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 219. (w)

¹⁴⁶ *circumstance of all,* the whole situation, all the details. (R)

And be received for the Emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the Court,
 And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords: ye see, I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me:
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
 flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave; I'll bear you
 hence,

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*]

¹⁶³ *bestow*, prepare, unless *her* is taken as a dative, in which case the phrase seems to mean "give her burial." (R)

allusion to their treatment of Lavinia." — Bailldon. (R)

¹⁶⁴ *gallant grooms.* "A sarcastic

¹⁶⁵ presently, at once. (R)

¹⁷² *dispose*, dispose of, place. (R)

SCENE III.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter Titus, bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the way.—

Sir boy, let me see your archery :
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.

Terras Astraea reliquit :

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;

Happely you may find her in the sea,

Yet there's as little justice as at land.—

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;

10

'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition ;

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

³ *let.* The second folio mended the rhythm of this line by reading *now let.*

⁴ *Terras, &c.*, from Ovid's Metamorphoses, i. 150, "Astrea left the earth." Astrea, the goddess of Justice, lingered longest of all the gods among men. (B)

⁵ *remember'd*, mindful of the fact that. (B)

⁶ *Happely*. All the old copies have here a derangement of the

verse; and the folio prints *happily*; the quarto of 1611, *happily*. The word is plainly *happely* = by happen, it being intended that the superfluous terminal *e* should be pronounced. Several other instances occur in these plays.

⁷ *Pluto's region*, i. e. the infernal regions. *region* is trisyllabic. (B)

¹⁰ *that*, the old copies, then — apparently a slip. (B)

Ah, Rome ! — Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. — 20
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd :
 This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Publius. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night t'attend him carefully ;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters !
 What !

Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
 word,
 If you will have Revenge from Hell, you shall.
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else, 40
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. —
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;

²⁰ careful remedy, i. e. one the
 result of care. (R)

²⁰ for, as for. (R)

²⁰ wreak, revenge. Cf. IV. iv. 11, quarto, *Acaron*. The river of
 wrecks, and V. ii. 32, *wreakful*. (R) Hades. (R)

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
 Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear :
 And, sith there's no justice in Earth nor Hell,
 We will solicit Heaven, and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you : — here, *ad Apollinem* : —

Ad Martem, that's for myself : —

Here, boy, to Pallas : — here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ;

You were as good to shoot against the wind. —

To it, boy : Marcus, loose, when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

50

60

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
 said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap : give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon :
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?
 See, see ! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

" Cyclops, giants, servants to
 Vulcan. (n)

" loose, let fly. (R)

" sith, since. (n)

" Of, on. to effect, to good

" gear, business. (R)

purpose. (n)

"- Ad Jovem, &c. To Jupiter,
 to Apollo, to Mars. (n)

" well said, i. e. well done. See
 " well said, Davy," Second Part of

" To Saturn, Caius. Capell's
 suggestion. Folios and quartos

Henry the Fourth, V. iii. 10. (w)

read To Saturnine, to Caius.
 Rowe, to Saturn and to Caius.
 (n)

" Virgo . . . Taurus . . .

Aries, the constellations. (R)

" " Marcus is of course hu-
 mouring Titus, whom he thinks
 mad." — Baildon. (n)

Mar. This was the sport, my lord : when Publius shot,
 The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock 70
 That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;
 And who should find them but the Empress' villain.
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his lordship joy.

Enter the Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News ! news from Heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.
 Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
 Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clown. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not 80 be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir ! I know not Jupiter : I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from Heaven ?

Clo. From Heaven ? alas, sir ! I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to Heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to 90 the Tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace ?

⁹¹ *Tribunal plebs*, i. e. tribune of the plebs. *take up*, we say "make up." (s)

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado, 100
But give your pigeons to the Emperor :
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold :— meanwhile, here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink. —
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir ; 110
see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come let me see it. —

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. —
And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. — Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and Others: SATURNINUS carrying the arrows that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ! Was ever seen
An Emperor of Rome thus overborne,

¹¹¹ bravely, finely. (n)

Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of ⁸egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears) there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, 10
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to Heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were. 20
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

⁸ extent, practice, extension. Some equivalent phrase is plainly required. [Cambridge, as know.]

Some explain as equivalent to maintenance. (R)

⁷ Buzz, whisper. (R)

⁸ even, in accord. (R)

¹¹ wreaks, revenges. (R)

²¹ ecstasies, insanity. Cf. above,

IV. i. 126. (R)

²⁵ as, that. (R)

Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 30
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his
 heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. — [Aside.] Why, thus it shall
 become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick;
 Thy life-blood on 't. If Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. —

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?
 Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be Emperial. 40
 Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.
 Clo. 'T is he. — God and Saint Stephen give you
 good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of
 pigeons here. [SATURNINUS reads the letter.
 Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
 Clo. How much money must I have?
 Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.
 Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a
 neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.
 Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! . 50
 Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds.
 May this be borne? — As if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murther of our brother,

[“] *gloze*, indulge in beguiling talk. (B) *My life blood on 't*. The Cambridge editors retain the old reading. Folio 2, *out*; Folio 3, *on 't*.] [“] *Thy life blood on 't*. The old copies, *Thy life blood out* — an easy misprint. [White's text read

[“] *good den*, good evening. (B) [“] *presently*, at once. (B)

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully. —
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege. —
 For this proud mock, I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
 Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
 In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmilius. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct
 Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
 Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
 These tidings nip me; and I hang the head 70
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
 'T is he the common people love so much:
 Myself hath often heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their Emperor.

⁵⁷ *shape privilege*, furnish a ground for exemption. (s)

["] *holp'st*, didst help. (s)

["] *Enter ÆMILIUS.* In the old copies, *Enter Nuntius Æmilius*, doubtless meaning merely that *Æmilius* comes as a messenger. (w)

["] *Arm, my lords.* Sidney

Walker plausibly reads, *Arm, arm, my lords*, for rhythm's sake. (w)

["] *power*, army — as before. (s)

["] *conduct*, accented on the final syllable. (s)

["] *course of*, carrying out. (s)

["] *Coriolanus.* Cf. Shakespeare's later play. (s)

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city
strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, 90
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: [To *ÆMILIUS.* 100
Say that the Emperor requests a parley

⁸⁰ *wings.* The passage is in alternate rhymes, and therefore Knight reads *wing*, and is followed by Dyce. But all the old editions read *wings*, much to the advantage of the sense. See the note on "then turn tears to fire," *Romeo and Juliet*, I. ii. 89.

⁸⁰ *stint*, cause to stop. (R)

⁸¹ *honey-stalks.* Johnson says that honey-stalks are sweet-clover flowers. (W)

⁸⁰ *smooth*, flatter. (R)

¹⁰⁰ *be.* The quartos have *to be*; the folio has *to*. The true reading is manifest.

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus,

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths. 110
And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FIVE.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, and an Army of Goths, with drum
and colours.

LUCIUS. Approved warriors, and my faithful
friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

¹⁰³ Even at his father's house,
&c. This needful line is found
only in the quarto of 1600.

¹⁰⁵ stand on, resolutely demand.

(R)

¹⁰⁶ temper, mould, influence.

(R)

¹¹¹ successantly [in succession].
So the old copies. Most editors
read successfully, without apparent
need or warrant.

¹ Approved, tried. (R)

And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort, 10
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd, 20
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—
“Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor: 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.

⁷ *scath*, hurt. (B)

⁸ *slip*, scion. (B)

^{17-30. 22-2.} &c. These lines
are cited as revealing the spark of

humanity and sentiment even in

villainous Aaron. (B)

²² *controll'd*, restrained. Cf.
III. i. 259.

Peace, villain, peace!" — even thus he rates the babe, —
 "For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
 Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil, 40
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
 A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. — 50
 First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder is brought, which Aaron ascends.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
 And bear it from me to the Empress.
 If thou do this, I'll shew thee wond'rous things,

⁴⁰ rates, scolds. (R)

⁴² the pearl, &c. An allusion to a well-known saying which the editors seem not to have noticed Shakespeare puts in *Proteus's* mouth in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, V. ii. 11, 12; "and the old saying is, Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes." (R)

⁴⁴ wall-ey'd, dull, blank-looking. (R)

⁴⁰ for ever being, ever to be. (R)

⁴² Get me a ladder. These words are assigned to *Aaron* in the old copies, with almost manifest error. However desperate and reckless *Aaron* might have been, he would hardly have volunteered an order to facilitate the vengeance of his foes. (W)

That highly may advantage thee to hear:
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd. 60

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
 Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 For I must talk of murthers, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 70

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no
 god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not;
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath: — for that, I know,
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears, 80
 To that I'll urge him. — Therefore, thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,

^{**} *piteously perform'd*, "pitiful
 in the doing" (Herford). (B)

⁷⁴ *for*, because. (B)

⁷⁸ *urge*, demand. (B)

⁷⁷ *idiot*, i. e. the court fool, who
 carried a club with a face carved

on the end, *his bauble*. (B)

To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 90

'Twas her two sons that murther'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set: 100

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

(B) ^{as} discover, reveal—as often.

(B) ^{as} luxurious, always in Shakespeare in the sense of "lustful." So l. 99, coddling. Cf. "luxury," *Richard III*, III. v. 80, &c.

(B) ^{as} cut her hands, the quartos. The folios add off. (B)

(B) ^{as} detestable, accented on the first syllable. Cf. l. 113, extreme. (B) call'st thou that trimming? i.e. call'st thou that dressing? See

"a new untrimmed bride," *King John*, III. i. 209.

(B) ^{as} ^{as} These speeches of *Aaron* may be compared with Marlowe's conception of *Barabas* in his *Jew of Malta*. (B)

(B) ^{as} fought at head, a reference to the bull-dog flying at his enemy, the bull, in front and at the head. (B)

(B) ^{as} train'd, guided, lured. (B)

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? 110
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
 And when I told the Empress of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

1 *Goth.* What! canst thou say all this, and never
 blush!

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
 As kill a man, or else devise his death;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself; 130
 Set deadly enmity between two friends;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

¹²² "Blush like a black dog" is a proverb in Ray's collection. (n)

¹²³ *Few come within the compass.* The folio only misprints *Few come within few compass.* (w)

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
 "Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead." 140
 Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in Hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue! 150

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth.

3 Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter AEMILIUS.

Welcome, Aemilius! what's the news from Rome?

Aemil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman Emperor greets you all by me:
 And, for he understands you are in arms,

¹⁵⁷ Even when their sorrow almost was forgot. The old copies
Even when their sorrows, &c. The modern reading hitherto has
 been *their sorrows almost were for-* got. But see, three lines below,
Let not your sorrow die. (w)
¹⁴⁸ ¹⁵⁸ *presently, at once.* (B)
for, because — as above. (B)

He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

180

1 *Goth.* What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March! away! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *Rome. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs. —
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminant strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

TITUS appears at a door above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.

10

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

¹⁰⁰ Willing, desiring. (a)

the furniture in the Duke Aranea's cottage, to serve "for fifty uses." (w)

* [Titus appears at a door above. Titus seems here to have appeared in the balcony at the back of the stage, which was made, as Julia found was the case with

¹¹ sad decrees, serious resolves. Cf. above, II. iv. 83, decree, resolved. (a)

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk
with me. 20

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murther and of death.
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murther or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake. 40

¹⁸ *action*, trisyllabic. (B)

²¹ *I am not mad*, &c. Cf. l. 70. below. In the assumed madness and actual wrought-up state of suffering, *Titus Andronicus* is a connecting link between *Jeronimo* in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* and *Hamlet*, the motif being made use of in all three. (B)

²⁰ *Revenge*, " *Rape and Murther*. This personification of characters is a trait from the older Morality Plays. (B)

²¹ *vulture*. Cf. the story of Prometheus. (B)

²² *wreakful*, wrathful. *thy*. The folio misprints *my*, and, in the previous line, *the mind*.

²³ *obscurity*, dark place. (B)

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murther stands;
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murtherers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

50

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me. 60

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murther; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

[“] *globe.* The old copies, *globes*, the *s* being plainly the mere superfluous addition so often made.

[“] *murtherers . . . caves.* Folio and quartos have *murder* and *caves*. Steevens first read *murderers*; but *caves* was changed to *caves* in the second folio. (w)

[“] *Hyperion's*, the sun-god's. Cf. *Titan's*, I. ii. 163 and II. v. 31. (B)

[“] *Rapine, rape.* Not used else-

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where in Shakespeare's plays.
Cf. *Rape*, I. 45. (B)

[“] *Are they.* The quartos have *Are them*, which misprint is copied in the folio. In the next line the same old editions have “*Rape and Murder*”; but that the second folio is correct in reading *Rapine*, &c. appears by the rhythm, by the third line above, and by the third line of *Titus'* second speech below. (w)

Tit. Good lord! how like the Empress' sons they are!
 And you, the Empress: but we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by. [Exit Trrus.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy. 70
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son,
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies. —
 See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme. 80

Enter TITUS, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house: —
 Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too. —
 How like the Empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor: —
 Could not all Hell afford you such a devil?
 For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And would you represent our Queen aright,

[“] *worldly*, living in this world.
 (B) ⁷⁰ *closing*, agreeing. (a)
⁷¹ *practice out of hand*, improvised stratagem. (B)
⁷² *ply my theme*. Thus the

quartos. The folio has *play my themes*; and I am not quite sure that the allusion is not musical, and that the reading of the folio is not a correction of a misprint. (w)

It were convenient you had such a devil. 90

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murtherer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murther, stab him: he's a murtherer. — 100

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him: he's a ravisher. —

Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's Court

There is a Queen, attended by a Moor:

Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house,

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the Empress and her sons,

The Emperor himself, and all thy foes,

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

⁹⁰ convenient, fit. (B)

¹⁰⁷ up and down, completely. (B)

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device?

120

Tit. Marcus, my brother! — 't is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
 Tell him the Emperor, and the Empress too,
 Feasts at my house, and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

130

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murther stay with me,
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will
 you abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my Lord the Emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140
 And tarry with him, till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose
 me mad;
 And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

¹²⁹ *business*, trisyllabic. (R) carried out the gross deception we

¹³⁰ *govern'd our determin'd jest*, arranged for. (R)

¹⁴⁰ *smooth*, flatter. (R)

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, fare-
well.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do. — 150
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and* Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons
I take them; Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, 160
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS. — PUBLIUS, &c., *seize* CHIRON
and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the Empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a
word.

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them
fast.

¹⁶² *And stop their mouths, &c.*
This line, found in both quartos,
is omitted from the folio by some
accident of the printing-office, as

we may conclude from the comma
which in that edition appears at the
end of the preceding line. (w)

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
 Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
 But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —
 O villains! Chiron and Demetrius, 170
 Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
 This goodly Summer with your Winter mix'd.
 You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. 180
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The bason that receives your guilty blood.
 You know your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad. —
 Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads; 190
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the Earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

¹⁸⁰ coffin, pie-crust. only of the old copies. [increase,
¹⁸² own, omitted by the folio progeny.]

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,
 [He cuts their throats.

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd. —
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths; with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what Fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.

Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the Empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings.
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong:

¹⁹⁸ *Progne*, i. e. Procne, wife of Tereus, who avenged his wrong on her sister Philomel, by serving up his sons at a banquet. Cf. the legend of Hecuba, I. ii. 78, above. (B)

²⁰⁰ *temper*, mix. (B)
²⁰² *officious*, busy, zealous. (B)
²⁰⁴ *Centaurs' feast*, i. e. the wedding of Hippodamia and Pirithous, where the Centaurs quarrelled with the Lapithæ. (B)

I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

10

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —

[*Exeunt Goths with AARON.* *Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The company sit down at table.*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled,
young LUCIUS, and Others.* *Titus places the dishes
on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
Queen;

¹⁹ *break the parle.* Baildon is
right in holding that this means
stop the parley and go to the ban-

quet — not, as some hold, open
the parley. (B)

²² *ordin'd*, accented on the
first syllable. (B)

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

30

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart, you
were. —

My lord the Emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

40

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like. —
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee:

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was,

50

^{as} beholding, behoden — as often. (B)

already referred to in the play, as well as by the case of *Lavinia*. (B)

^{as} resolve, answer. (B)

^{as} still, ever. (B)

^{as} enforc'd, i. e. forced. (B)

^{as} lively, living—as before. (B)

^{as} The *Virginia* legend is here manifestly suggested by the examples of *Lucrece* and *Philomedes*,

^{as} unkind, the same as "unnatural." (B)

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; — and it is now done.

Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your High-
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; 60
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Killing SATURNINUS.* *A great tumult.* The
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans, ascend the steps
before TITUS's house.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again 70
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;

⁵³ *To do this outrage, &c.* This line is omitted in the folio, manifestly by accident. So with *thus* in l. 55 below.

⁶⁶ *meed for meed*, reward for reward, measure for measure. (B)
⁷¹ *mutual*, common. Cf. l. 134. (B)

⁶⁰ *presently*, at once. (B)

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
 And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
 Do shameful execution on herself.
 But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
 Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words, —
 Speak, [to Luc.] Rome's dear friend; as erst our an-

cestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
 To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy.
 Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. —
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory, 90
 And break my very utt'rance, even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.

⁷⁴ *Lest Rome herself*, &c. From this line the quartos assign this speech to a Roman Lord, and the folio to a Goth. But it is manifestly a continuation of *Marcus'* speech, as Steevens and Malone thought. Capell restored the lines to that speech; and the same correction was found in Collier's folio of 1632. (w) *Lest Rome*, Capell's suggestion. Quartos and folios, *Let Rome*. (B)

⁷⁴ *court'sy*. The folio, *cursive* — a frequent spelling. (B)

⁷⁷ *chaps*, wrinkles, furrows. (B)

⁸⁰ *our ancestor*, i. e. *Aeneas*, at whose departure "love-sick Dido" died. (B)

⁸⁵ *Sinon*, the Greek who advised the Trojans to admit the wooden horse into Troy whereby the city was taken. (B)

⁸⁸ *compact*, composed. (B)

⁹³ *commiseration*, six syllables. (B)

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murther'd our Emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister.

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded, 100
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you, 110
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:
Of this was Tamora delivered; 120

⁸⁴ a. Sidney Walker very plausibly proposes *our*.

⁸⁵ *Then.* [So the quartos.] The folios misprint *This*.

¹⁰¹ *cozen'd*, cheated. *He* must be supplied. (B)

¹⁰⁹ *And I am turn'd forth.* Thus

the folio. The quartos, *And I am the turn'd forth*, which reading, although it overburdens the line and adds nothing required by the sense of the passage, many editors [including *Cambridge*] prefer. (W)

The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now, 130
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our Emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so. 140
Romans. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal Em-
 peror. —

¹²⁴ *Damn'd as he is.* The old copies have, *And as he is*, of which reading nothing can be made. The happy correction, due to Theobald, is supported, for those to whom it needs support, by a passage in *Othello* (I. ii. 63) in which *Babantio* says to *Othello*, "Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her," i. e. *Desdemona*. (w)

¹²⁵ *what cause.* Until the appearance of the folio of 1685, the reading was *what course*. (w)

¹²⁶ *patience*, trisyllabic. (s)

¹²³ *us*, ourselves. (s)

¹²⁴ *clou're*, i. e. end. (s)

¹²¹ *Lucius, all hail, &c.* This line and its counterpart, five lines below [l. 146], are made part of *Marcus'* speech in the old copies; but the strange interruption which that arrangement involves, the reply of *Lucius*, "Thanks, gentle Romans," and the carelessness of the old texts of this play with regard to prefixes, warrant the change which [Capell] made. (w)

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the rest, descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[To the Attendants.

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task. —
Stand all aloof; — but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk. —
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

150

[*Kisses TITUS.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us 160
To melt in show'rs. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,

¹⁴⁹ *give me aim.* Collier conjectures that *give me aim*, which means "direct me," is a misprint for *give me room*. But might we not better read, *give me air a while?* — for the people are all evidently thronging round him,

and he asks them to stand aloof because nature puts him to a heavy task. (w)

¹⁵² *obsequious, mourning.* Cf. *Richard III.*, I. ii. 3, *obsequiously*, in the manner of a mourner. (n)

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; 170
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O Lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food: 180
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

¹⁶⁰ *associate*, join. (B)

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emperor
hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the State,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

I. i. 6. *wore*. So the folios. As usual, *Cambridge* prefers to follow the quartos, *wore*.

I. i. 9. *Romans . . . right*. So the quarto, as one line. The folios print as two short lines. This occurs frequently in the play: ll. 46, 56; ii. 7, 102, 108, 201, 270, 371, 396-8 (as six short lines), 408, 431; II. i. 68; iii. 10, 51, 55, 89, 117, 128, 168, 185; iv. 7, 26, 95, 104, 115; III. i. 45, 75, 88, 92, 96; ii. 65 (Capell's reading as a long line), 66 (Pope's); IV. ii. 147; iii. 76 (Rowe's); iv. 1; V. i. 69, 71, 87, 94; ii. 20, 22; iii. 26, 54.

I. i. 14. *to virtue consecrate*, Rowe's punctuation. The quartos have a comma and the folio a colon after *virtue*, and neither has a mark after *consecrate*.

I. i. 23. *Pius*. So the later folios. The first folio, *Pious*.

I. ii. 5. *From where*. The quarto reading. The folios, *From whence*. Cf. I. 10, *From whence*.

I. ii. 16. *five and twenty*. White hyphenated.

I. ii. 19. *survive*. The first folio, by a turn of the letter, *survive*.

I. ii. 30. *nobility*. The first folio, *Noblitie*.

I. ii. 36. *earthy*. The quarto reading. The folios, *earthly*.

I. ii. 45. *my sons*. The folios, *my sonnes and my sons*. *Cambridge*, as often, follows the quarto, *my son*.

I. ii. 51. *commonweal*. White hyphenated.

I. ii. 59. *their*. The quarto reading. The folios, *the*.

I. ii. 69. *not*. Again, the quarto reading. The folios, *me*.

I. ii. 71. *looks*. The folios, *lookes* and *looks*. *Cambridge*, following the quarto, *look*.

I. ii. 80. *rites*. So the later folios. The quartos and the first folio: *rights and rightes*.

I. ii. 81. *entrails*. The old copies, *intrals*.

I. ii. 91. *grudges*. So the folios. *Cambridge*, *drugs*, after the first quarto.

I. ii. 101. *fortunes*. The quarto reading. The folios, *Fortune*.

I. ii. 111. *are alike in all*. So the quarto. The folio, *are all alike in all*.

I. ii. 126. *What! should*. Theobald's punctuation. *Cambridge* after the old copies, *What should. don*. So the first quarto. The folios, *d'on*. And so White's text.

I. ii. 141. *sheathe*. The folio and White's text, *sheath*.
 I. ii. 160. *suit*. The quartos and the third folio, *sute*. The earlier folios, *sure*.
 I. ii. 165. *advice*. The old copies, *advise*. So l. 316 (except the fourth folio), 409; IV. i. 93; ii. 130. Similarly, l. 332, *device*, the old copies, *deuise*; also III. i. 135; IV. iv. 52, 112; V. ii. 120, 143.
 I. ii. 168. A comma in White's text after *Patricians* has been deleted.
 I. ii. 170. *Pantheon*. So the fourth folio. The first folio, *Pathan*.
 I. ii. 182-5. Dashes after *Saturnine* and *emperor* have been deleted.
 I. ii. 185. *wide world's*. The folio hyphens.
 I. ii. 187. *imperial*. So the folios. *Cambridge*, *imperious*, after the first quarto.
 I. ii. 189. *thy*. So the quartos. The folios, *my*.
 I. ii. 195. *you*. So the quartos. The first folio, by a misprint, *your*, and in the next line the first *your* is printed *you* in the folio. Both were corrected in the second folio and in later texts. So l. 206, *you*, the first and fourth folios, *your*.
 I. ii. 199. *anew*. The old copies, *a new* and *a newe*.
 I. ii. 217. *cuique*. So the later folios. The first folio, *cusquam*.
 I. ii. 218. *seizeth*. The fourth folio, *seiseth*; the earlier copies, *coazeth*. Cf. l. 342, *seize*, where the first folio has *cease*, and IV. ii. 96, first two folios, *ceaze*.
 I. ii. 227-8. *What, villain boy! . . . help!* Pope's division. The folio as two lines, *What . . . Rome?* and *Help, Lucius, help!*
 I. ii. 253. *Phabe*. So the later folios. The first, *Thebe*.
 I. ii. 264. *climb*. The quartos and first folio spell *clime*.
 I. ii. 270. *Queen*. The first folio misspells, *Qeene*. *Pantheon*. — *Lords*. The old copies, *Panthean Lords*.
 I. ii. 287. *hundred*. So the last two folios. The quartos and first folio, *hundreth*.
 I. ii. 296. *spake*. So the old copies. White by a probable misprint had *spoke*. Cf. l. 424, *sware*, the folio reading.
 I. ii. 297. *vouch*. So the quartos and the fourth folio. The early folios, *vouch'd*.
 I. ii. 301. *struck*. So the last two folios. The earlier, *stroke*, the older form. And so often.
 I. ii. 306. *till*. So the last two folios. The earlier ones, *tell*.
 I. ii. 317. *wise Laertes*. So the quartos. The folios, *Laortes*.
 I. ii. 343. *true-betrothed*. The old copies do not hyphen.
 I. ii. 373. *on mine honour, dare I.* The folio misplaces the comma after *dare*.
 I. ii. 374. *Titus'*. The apostrophe is Rowe's. So II. i. 100, *Bassianus'*, it is Pope's.
 L. ii. 377. *Loose*. So the last two folios. The earlier copies, *Loose*, as often.

I. ii. 385. White enclosed the line in parentheses.

I. ii. 388. *race*. So the last two folios. The quartos and earlier folios, *race*.

I. ii. 411. *We do*. The folio makes a separate line of these words. So l. 416, *Nay, nay*, and l. 419, *Marcus*; II. i. 73, *Youngling*; iii. 30, *Madam*? 148, *What!* 149, *'T is true*, 168, *O Tamora!* 181, *Away!* 182, *No Grace*? iv. 13, *O brother!* v. 6, *Go home*.

I. ii. 419. *brother's*. The apostrophe is Rowe's and is not in the old copies.

I. ii. 424. *sware*. So the folios. *Cambridge*, after the quartos, *swores*. For the converse see I. i. 6, above.

I. ii. 429. *an*. The old copies, as usual, *and*, and frequently.

I. ii. 432. *too*. So the second and later folios. The first, *to*. Conversely, II. i. 41, *to*, where the quartos and first folio, *too*.

II. i. 8. *-peering*. The old copies, *piering*, and *piring*. The hyphen is Theobald's.

II. i. 22. *Semiramis*. So the last two folios. The quartos and first folio, *Semorimis*, and so later.

II. i. 24. *commonweal's*. The folio, *Common weales*.

II. i. 26. *want*. So the later folios. The quartos and first folio, *wants*, the frequent idiom with a plural subject.

II. i. 28. *aught*. The old copies, *ought*.

II. i. 39. *dancing-rapier*. The hyphen is in the third and fourth folios. The earlier ones *dauising Rapier*.

II. i. 55. *those*. So the first quarto. The folios and second quarto, *these*.

II. i. 62. *petty*. So the quartos and the fourth folio. The earlier folios, *pretty*.

II. i. 70. *discord's*. So the fourth folio. The quartos, *discords*. The earlier folios, *discord*.

II. i. 75. *Why, are*. Theobald's punctuation. The old copies, *Why are*. Cf. l. 98, *What! hast*; the old copies, *What hast*.

II. i. 79, 80. Hanmer's division. The old copies divide after *propose*.

II. i. 90. *Saturninus*. So the first quarto and later folios. The first folio, *Saturnius*.

II. i. 101. *That . . . speed*. From the quartos, and not in the folios.

II. i. 127. *and*. So the first quarto. The later copies, *of*.

II. i. 130. *lust*. The quarto reading. The folios, *lusts*.

II. i. 133. *Sit fas*. The quarto reading. The folio, *Sy fas*.

II. i. 135. *Styga*. So the fourth folio. The quartos and first two folios, *Stigia*.

II. ii. 22. *promontory*. The first folio, *Pomontary*; the quartos, *promontary*.

II. iii. 32. *deadly-standing*. The hyphen is Theobald's. So l. 47, *fatal-plotted*.

II. iii. 54. *quarrels*. So the first quarto and the last two folios. The first two folios, *quarrell*.

II. iii. 55. *Whom*. The folio reading. The quartos and *Cambridge*, *Who*.

II. iii. 60. *our*. The folio reading. The first quarto followed by *Cambridge, my*.

II. iii. 62. *presently*. The first two folios have a full stop; the later folios no mark.

II. iii. 72. *Cimmerian*. The first folio, *Cymerion*.

II. iii. 75. White's interrogation mark after *train*, from the folios, has been changed to a comma, after the first quarto.

II. iii. 83. *raven-colour'd*. The hyphen is in the two later folios.

II. iii. 118. *Ay, come*. Hanmer's reading. The old copies, *I come*. Cf. iv. 7, *What! art*; the old copies, *What art* (fourth folio, *What, art*). So iv. 35, *What! are*; folios, *What are*.

II. iii. 120. *thy*. So the folios. *Cambridge, the*, after the first quarto.

II. iii. 130. *trunk pillow*. All folios before the fourth hyphen.

II. iii. 132. *outline us*. So the old copies. *Cambridge* follows Theobald and separates the two words by a comma.

II. iii. 135. *nice preserved*. The folios hyphen; the quartos do not.

II. iii. 136. *woman's*. The quartos and last two folios, *womans*, without apostrophe. The first two folios, *woman*.

II. iii. 144. *suck'dst*. Rowe's reading. The old copies, *suckst* and *suck'st*.

II. iii. 158. *thee: for*. Theobald's reading. The old copies, *thee for*, without mark of punctuation. *Cambridge* has an exclamation point after *thee*.

II. iii. 172. *then? . . . go*. The first folio, as often, repeats the question mark after *go*.

II. iii. 182. *grace*. The first folio misprints *Garace*.

II. iii. 185. [*Dragging off Lavinia*.] Pope's reading. The three last folios have simply *Exeunt*. The quartos and first folio omit all direction. *Cambridge* adopts Capell's long direction, *Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia*.

II. iv. 5. *were't*. The old copies and *Cambridge*, *were it*.

II. iv. 6. *awhile*. So the folio. White's text, *a while*.

II. iv. 8. *rude-growing*. The hyphen is Pope's and is not in the old copies. So l. 23, *true-divining*, the hyphen is Theobald's. But l. 9, *new-shed blood*, the folios hyphen all three words.

II. iv. 10. *morning's*. The apostrophe is not in the folio. The first quarto and fourth folio, *morning*.

II. iv. 13. *hurt*. This word is in the first quarto, but not in the later quarto or folios.

II. iv. 16. *give*. Steevens' reading. The old copies and *Cambridge*, *have*.

II. iv. 21. *o'erruns*. White's text hyphened.

II. iv. 43. *If . . . hath*. Pope marked off this line by parentheses. The old copies have commas, except the first folio, which has a full stop after *hand* (l. 42), and the first quarto, which has a full stop after *hath*.

II. iv. 45. *Cocytus'*. So the fourth folio. The first folio, *Ocitus*; the second and third, *Cocitus*.

II. iv. 51. *climb*. The quartos and first two folios spell *clime*.

II. iv. 66, 67. *him*. The folio reading. *Cambridge*, *them*, after the quarto.

II. iv. 77. *An if*. The old copies, *And if*. So v. 1; IV. i. 113; iv. 9; V. i. 59, 61; iii. 34. Also II. v. 9; IV. i. 96, and iv. 40, *an*. But II. v. 4, *And, if*, Rowe's punctuation, where also *Cambridge* has *An if*.

II. iv. 85. At the close of the letter the old copies have *King* or *Sat.* to indicate the beginning of his own words.

II. iv. 100. *fault*. Theobald's reading. The folios, *faults*.

II. iv. 105. *father's*. Rowe's reading. The old copies, *fathers*, without apostrophe, as usual. *Cambridge*, *fathers'*, after Delius. *reverend*. So the fourth folio. The early folios spell *reverent*. So III. i. 23; V. iii. 137.

II. v. 11. *Who's this*. Pope's reading. The folio, *Who is this*.

II. v. 18. *would*. White had an apostrophe.

II. v. 17. *Have*. Rowe's reading. The old copies, *Hath*, the frequent idiom with a plural subject.

II. v. 27. *lest*. The folio, *least*, as often.

II. v. 30. *three*. Hanmer's reading. The old copies, *their* (first quarto, *theyr*).

II. v. 34. *heart*. The quartos and first two folios, *hart*, another spelling. So III. i. 250; also III. ii. 13, 17, 54; IV. i. 73, where the first folio has *hart*.

II. v. 38. *Philomela, she*. So the second quarto and the folios, except for the comma. The first quarto, *Philomela, why she*, and *Cambridge*, with distinct poetic loss, *Philomel, why she*.

II. v. 39, 43. *sew'd*. Pope's reading. The quartos and early folios, *sowned*.

II. v. 41. *Tereus, cousin, hast thou met*. From the reading of the first quarto. The folios, *Tereus, hast thou met withall*.

II. v. 51. *poet's*. The apostrophe was inserted by Rowe, and is not in the folios.

II. v. 55. *What will*. The first two folios, *What, will*.

III. i. 9. *are*. So the later folios. The quartos and first folio, *is*.

III. i. 16. *befriend*. So the quartos and last two folios. The first two folios, *be friend*.

III. i. 18-19. *shoovers*: *In . . . drought*. The quartos have a full stop after *shoovers* and a comma after *drought*. The folios have no mark after *shoovers*, but have a colon after *drought*.

III. i. 22. *sons'*. The apostrophe is Theobald's. The quartos and folios, *sonnes*; the fourth folio, *Son's*.

III. i. 28. *hear you not*. The first folio accidentally omits *you*, which is in the other old copies.

III. i. 45. *soft as*. So the quartos. The folios, *as soft*.

III. i. 50. *pronoun'd*. So the last two folios. The first two, *pronounc'd*. The quartos, *pronounst*.

III. i. 55. *must prey*. So the later folios. The first quarto and first folio, *must pray*. *no prey*. Similarly, the first quarto, *no pray*.

III. i. 56. *me and mine*. The first folio accidentally repeats *and*.

III. i. 65. *Ah*. Rowe's reading. The old copies, *Aye* (fourth folio, *Ay*).

III. i. 70. *bright-burning*. The hyphen appears first in the third folio.

III. i. 92. *deer*. So the fourth folio. The earlier copies, *Deare* and *Dear*, and *Cambridge*, *dear*.

III. i. 122. *sign*. The quarto, *signe*. The folios, *signes* and *signs*.

III. i. 135. *misery*. The quarto, *miserie*. The folios, *miseries*.

III. i. 161. *my hand*. *Cambridge* follows Steevens and makes a separate line of these two words.

III. i. 170. *enemy's*. The old copies, as usual, without apostrophe, *enemies* — not a plural form.

III. i. 172. *been*. The usual folio spelling is *bin*.

III. i. 192. *your*. So the later folios. The first folio, *you*.

III. i. 193. *my*. The first folio, *me*, corrected in the later folios.

III. i. 197. *As for my sons*. The first folio accidentally repeats *for*.

III. i. 211. *breathe*. So the fourth folio. The earlier folios, *breath*, another form of the word. So l. 249.

III. i. 230. *For why*. The old copies marked off these words by a comma, which Dyce first deleted, interpreting *For why* as "because."

III. i. 232. *losers*. The quartos and first two folios, *loosers*.

III. i. 241. *Sicily*. The first folio spells *Cicilie*.

III. i. 255. *hand*. So the quartos and fourth folio. The first three folios, *hands*. Similarly, l. 256, *son*, where the same three folios have *sonnes* and *sons*.

III. i. 258. *numb*. Rowe's modern spelling. The quartos and first two folios, *numme*.

III. i. 283. *go, get*. Capell's punctuation. The old copies and *Cambridge*, *go get*. So IV. iii. 21, Theobald's reading.

III. i. 290. *Rome: till*. The quartos had no mark; the folios, a comma. *Cambridge* adopts Rowe's semicolon.

III. i. 296. *requisite*. The first two folios, *requit*.
 III. i. 298. *like*. The first folio misprints *likes*.
 III. ii. 20. *sea-salt*. The first folio omits the hyphen found in the later folios.
 III. ii. 34. *to*. Rowe's reading. The folios, *too*, another form of the word.
 III. ii. 38. *Brew'd*. The folio, *Brew'd*.
 III. ii. 39. *complaynet*. The first folio, *complaynet*, *t* and *r* being much alike in type — and later folios, *complaint*.
 III. ii. 52. *thy*. Accidentally omitted in the first folio.
 III. ii. 53. *a fly*. The first folio misprints, *a Flys*.
 III. ii. 54. *Out on thee, murderer!* The folio, *Out on the murderer*: The third and fourth folios altered *the* to *thee*.
 III. ii. 55. *are droy'd*. The first folio omits *are*.
 III. ii. 57. *brother*. The first folio, omitting a letter, *broher*.
 III. ii. 60. *But how, if*. Steevens' punctuation. The first two folios, *But?* *How: if*. The third folio, *But?* *How if*. *Cambridge*, *'But! How, if'*.
 III. ii. 71. *me*. White's text misprinted *my*.
 III. ii. 72. *myself*. The first folio, *my selfes*.
 III. ii. 74. *Tamora*. The first folio, *Tamira*.
 III. ii. 75. *Ah, sirrah!* Capell first made a separate line. In the folios it is joined to the preceding line, and this was the reading in White's text. This, however, would make the line too long.
 III. ii. 85. *begins*. Rowe's reading. The folios and *Cambridge*, *begin*.
 IV. i. 5. *thine aunt*. The quarto reading, which is more euphonious before a vowel. The folios, *thy aunt*.
 IV. i. 11. *Somewhither*. The quarto and first folio, *Some whether*; the later folios, *Some whither*.
 IV. i. 20. *Hecuba*. The first folio, *Hecuba*.
 IV. i. 21. *through*. The folio reading. *Cambridge* follows the first quarto, *for*. Similarly l. 39, *was*, *Cambridge* and first quarto, *wore*; and l. 41, *to revenge*, where *Cambridge*, after the first quarto, has *for revenge*.
 IV. i. 43. *Metamorphoses*. Pope's reading. The old copies, *Metamorphosis*.
 IV. i. 46. *Soft! so busily*. The old copies, *Soft, so busily*. Rowe read *Soft! see how busily*.
 IV. i. 47. *Help her*. So the old copies, as part of the long line. *Globe* struck the words out of the text, making a stage direction, [*Helping her*]. *Cambridge* follows Capell and prints as a separate line.
 IV. i. 55. *See, see!* Pope made a separate line. As part of a long line (the following) in the old copies.
 IV. i. 64. *erst*. The first folio, *ersts*.

IV. i. 71. *when* is omitted in the quartos and the first folio, but is found in the later folios. *Cambridge* omits *when*, putting a full stop after *me*.

IV. i. 73. *forc'd.* So the last two folios. The first two, *forc'st*; the quartos, *forst*.

IV. i. 78. *writ.* The first folio misprints *writs*.

IV. i. 90. *fore.* The quartos and first two folios, *feore*, the older spelling, which White adopted.

IV. i. 92. *swore.* So the last two folios. The earlier copies, *swears*.

IV. i. 97. *beware:* Capell's punctuation. The quartos have a comma; the folios have no mark at all.

IV. i. 100. *playeth.* The first folio transposes a letter, *palyeth*.

IV. i. 102. *You're.* Pope's reading. The old copies and *Cambridge*, *You are*. In consequence, *Cambridge* follows the first quarto, *let alone*, in place of the reading of all later texts, *let it alone*.

IV. i. 128. *foemen's.* White's text hyphened.

IV. i. 130. *Revenge, ye Heavens.* Dyce's reading. The old copies, *Revenge the heavens*.

IV. ii. 7. *Gramercy.* The folio, *Gramersie*.

IV. ii. 8. [Boy]. Pope's reading. The quartos, which alone give the line, *Puer*, i. e. *Boy*.

IV. ii. 9. *villains.* The first folio, *villanis's*. All the other old copies, *villaines* and *villains*.

IV. ii. 13. *bade.* The old copies, *bad*, except the first quarto, *bid*, which *Cambridge* follows.

IV. ii. 15. *that whenever.* Pope's reading. The old copies omit *that*.

IV. ii. 20-1. Theobald made two lines. As a long line or prose in the folios, *egit*. The first two folios, *egit. Mauri*. The second quarto and first folio, *maury. arcu*. The quartos and first folio, *arcus*.

IV. ii. 29. *afoot.* White wrote *a-foot*.

IV. ii. 36. *brother's.* The apostrophe is Rowe's.

IV. ii. 41. A comma after *would* has been deleted.

IV. ii. 44. *lacks.* The first two folios, *lack's. your*. The first two folios, *you*.

IV. ii. 58. *catterwauling.* The folios, *catterwalling*.

IV. ii. 63-5. *To whom . . . devil.* The old copies make a line of each speech save 63-4, *Well, God . . . sent her?* which the folios print as two short lines.

IV. ii. 63. *she's.* White contracted for metrical reasons. The folio, *she is. to bed*. So the last two folios. The earlier copies, *a bed*, and so *Cambridge*, *a-bed*.

IV. ii. 65-6. *Why . . . issue.* The old copies print as a long line, as did White. *she is.* The folio reading. White read *she's*, forcing l. 66, *A joyful issue*, as the metrical conclusion of l. 65.

IV. ii. 65. *A devil.* In White as part of l. 64, and *Why . . . dam:* as a separate line.

IV. ii. 72. *Zounds, ye.* The quarto reading. White omitted the apostrophe. The folios, *Out you.*

IV. ii. 78. *undone.* *Cambridge* follows the first quarto, *undone her*, with distinct loss.

IV. ii. 89. A comma after *I* has been deleted.

IV. ii. 90. *shone.* The first two folios, *sh'one.*

IV. ii. 91. *scimitar's.* The old copies, *Semitar's.*

IV. ii. 98. *white-lim'd.* Pope's reading, save for the hyphen. The folio, *white-limb'd.*

IV. ii. 142. *no one else.* The quarto reading. The folios, *none else.*

IV. ii. 169, 170. *Aaron . . . With secrets.* Theobald's division. The old copies print as one line.

IV. iii. 4-8. Capell's arrangement. The old copies make four lines, ending *Marcus . . . tooles, . . . Ocean: . . . Sea.*

IV. iii. 8. *find.* The folio reading. The first quarto, followed by *Cambridge, catch.*

IV. iii. 27. *my lord.* The quartos and first folio, *my Lords.*

IV. iii. 35-6. *What! Have you.* Hanmer's division of the line. The old copies and *Cambridge* begin l. 36 with *What.* The old copies have no mark of punctuation after *What.* *Cambridge* follows Pope and inserts a comma.

IV. iii. 46. *big-bon'd men.* The old copies hyphen all three words.

IV. iii. 48. *backs.* So the quartos and fourth folio. The first three folios, *backe.*

IV. iii. 52. *Come, to this gear.* Theobald's punctuation. The old copies have no comma.

IV. iii. 53. *Apollinem.* Rowe's reading. The old copies, *Apollonem* and *Appollonem.*

IV. iii. 58. *To.* The folio, *Too*, another spelling, as often.

IV. iii. 64. *Good boy, in.* Theobald's punctuation. The old copies have no comma after *boy.*

IV. iii. 67. *Ha! Publius, Publius.* Capell's reading. The old copies, *Ha, ha, Publius, Publius*, in the same line. *Cambridge* follows Dyce and makes a separate line of *Ha, ha!*

IV. iii. 75. *his.* So the first quarto. The second quarto and folios, *your.*

IV. iii. 79. *Ho.* So the old copies. *Cambridge* follows Capell and reads *O.*

IV. iii. 83-4, 88. Prose after Capell and Pope respectively. The old copies print as lines of verse.

IV. iii. 103. *meanwhile.* White, *mean while.* *her's.* So the quartos and the fourth folio. The first and third folios, *her's*; the second folio, *hers.*

IV. iii. 116. *to*. From the first quarto. All the other early copies omit it.

IV. iv. 1. *Why, lords.* The arrangement is that of the quartos. The folios treat these words as a separate line.

IV. iv. 2. *of.* Rowe's reading. The old copies, *in*.

IV. iv. 18. *injustice.* So the folios. *Cambridge* follows the quartos, *unjustice*.

IV. iv. 24-5. *if she sleep . . . as she in fury.* Rowe's reading. The old copies, *he* for *she* in both places.

IV. iv. 35. *High-witted.* The hyphen is Pope's.

IV. iv. 38. *anchor's.* So all the old copies except the first quarto, *anchor*, which *Cambridge* follows.

IV. iv. 42-4. Prose after Capell. The old copies print as two lines.

IV. iv. 69, 79, 94, 104. [Sat.] The quartos and the folio, *King*.

IV. iv. 72. *Ay, now begin our sorrows.* Rowe's reading. White's text, *Ay, now begins our sorrows*, most likely a misprint, as in other places White usually follows Rowe in altering the form of the verb when with a plural subject. The first folio, as often, *I, now begins our sorrows*.

IV. iv. 78. *our.* The folio reading. *Cambridge* follows the quarto, *your*.

IV. iv. 92. *Whenas.* Dyce's reading. The old copies, *When as*.

IV. iv. 93. *feed.* The first quarto, *seede*; the second quarto, *feeds*. The folios, *Foodes* and *Food*.

IV. iv. 96. *ear.* From the second quarto and folios. *Cambridge*, after the first quarto, *ears*.

IV. iv. 100. *ambassador.* White spelled *embassador*.

IV. iv. 104. *Emilius.* The folio, *Emilius*.

IV. iv. 105. *on.* So the fourth folio. The quartos and early folios, *in*.

IV. iv. 113. *to him.* The quarto reading. The folios, *for him*.

V. i. 3. *signify.* Rowe's reading. The old copies, *signifies*.

V. i. 9. [1 Goth.] Capell's designation. The old copies, *Goth*. So l. 162 and iii. 3. Also l. 20 [2 Goth.], where old copies likewise have *Goth*. In ll. 121, 152, the early copies had *Goth*.

V. i. 13. *Be bold.* The first two folios, *Behold*.

V. i. 17. [Goths]. Omitted in the first folio. The later folios, *Omn.*, i. e. *Omnies*, all.

V. i. 44. *whither.* The folio, as often, *whether*.

V. i. 46. *What! deaf?* Theobald's punctuation. The folio, *What deaf?*

V. i. 51. *sprawl.* Pope's spelling. The old copies, *sprall*.

V. i. 58. *vengeance not you all!* *Cambridge* puts these words in quotation marks.

V. i. 66. *perform'd.* The first folio misprints, *preform'd*.

V. i. 67. *in*. So the first quarto. The later copies, *by*.
 V. i. 71. *Whom*. The folio and *Cambridge*, as often, *Who*.
 V. i. 85. *Or else*. So the quartos and fourth folio. The earlier folios, *Ore else*.
 V. i. 86. *to thee*. The first folio accidentally repeats *to*.
 V. i. 88. *inestate, luxurious*. So the folios. The first quarto alone inserts *and*, in which it is followed by *Cambridge*.
 V. i. 95-6. *Why . . . of it*. Capell's division. The old copies divide after *trimm'd*.
 V. i. 119. *swooned*. So the last two folios. The quartos and earlier folios, *sounded*. *Cambridge, swoounded*.
 V. i. 122. *Ay, like*. The folios, *I, like*.
 V. i. 134. *their tears*. So the later folios. The first folio, *the teares*.
 V. i. 136. *friends'*. The apostrophe, of course, is not in the old copies. *doors*. So the later folios. The quartos and first folio, *doore*.
 V. i. 155. *what's*. So the quartos and fourth folio. The first folio, *what*; the second and third folios, *whats*.
 V. ii. 1. *habiliment*. The folio, *habillazment*.
 V. ii. 35. *lurking-place*. The hyphen is Steevens'.
 V. ii. 40. *offender*. So the first quarto. The second quarto and folios, *offendors*.
 V. ii. 46. *'surance*. Hanmer's reading. The old copies, *surance*.
 V. ii. 50. *black as*. The first folio, *as blacks as*.
 V. ii. 56. *Hyperion's*. So the fourth folio. The quartos, *Epeone*, and the first folio, *Eptone*.
 V. ii. 63. *'Cause*. The apostrophe is Pope's.
 V. ii. 91. *are. What*. Pope used a colon after *are*; the old copies have a comma.
 V. ii. 97. *I will*. So the later folios. The first folio, *Ille*.
 V. ii. 108. *he's*. Hanmer's correction, followed by *Cambridge*. The old copies and White's text, *he is*. Cf. I. 100.
 V. ii. 106. *thine own*. So the first quarto, euphoniously. The other old copies, *thy own*.
 V. ii. 128. *Feasts*. So the folios. The quartos, followed by *Cambridge, Feast*.
 V. ii. 137. *abide*. Rowe's reading. The old copies and *Cambridge, bide*.
 V. ii. 143. *o'erreach*. White hyphened.
 V. ii. 154-5. *The Empress' sons, &c.* The folio arrangement as two short lines. *Cambridge* follows the quarto and makes one line of prose.
 V. ii. 155. *Chiron, Demetrius*. So the old copies. Theobald inserted *and*, followed by *Cambridge*.
 V. ii. 173. *vile*. The folio, *vil'd*. So I. 201.

V. ii. 178. *Inhuman*. Rowe's reading. The old copies, *Inhumaine* and *Inhumane*. So iii. 14.

V. ii. 203. *banquet*. The quartos and first two folios, *banquet*. *may*. The quarto reading. The folios, *might*.

V. ii. 204. *Centaur's*. The old copies have no apostrophe.

V. ii. 205. *I will*. *Cambridge*, after the old copies, *I'll*.

V. ii. 206. *'gainst*. So the last two folios. The first two folios, *gainst*. *Cambridge*, after the quartos, *against*.

V. iii. 1. *'t is*. So the old copies. *Cambridge* follows Theobald, *it is*.

V. iii. 7. *Empress'*. The first quarto, *Empresse*. The first folio, *Emperour*; the other copies, *Emperours*.

V. iii. 10. *I fear*. The quartos, *I feare*, and the fourth folio, *I fear*. The first three folios, by the transposition of a letter, *If ere*.

V. iii. 11. *mine ear*. So the quartos, euphoniously. The folio, *my eare*.

V. iii. 24. *nigh*. So the fourth folio. The first folio, *nie*.

V. iii. 44. *precedent*. The old copies, as usual, *president*.

V. iii. 48. *hast thou*. The first folio omits *thou* by mistake.

V. iii. 52. *is now*. So the second quarto, the line not being in the folios. The first quarto and *Cambridge*, *now is*.

V. iii. 54. *Will't*. The old copies before the fourth folio, *Wilt*.

V. iii. 68. *uproars*. Quartos and first folio, *uprores*, and *Cambridge*, *uproars*. The second folio, *uprree*, perhaps by a misprint, and the later folios, *uprore*. White's text read *uproar*. *like*. So the old copies, except the first quarto, *as*, which *Cambridge* follows.

V. iii. 75. *castaway*. White hyphenated.

V. iii. 91. *very ut'rance*. The folio, *very uttrance*. The first quarto omits *very*, and *Cambridge* follows it.

V. iii. 93. *kind*. So the quartos. The folios, *kind hand*.

V. iii. 98. *murther'd*. The usual spelling in the text and of the old copies. Here, however, these have *murdered*.

V. iii. 99. *they it was*. Capell's reading. The old copies and *Cambridge*, *they it were*.

V. iii. 119. *this*. So the folios. *Cambridge*, following the first quarto, *the*.

V. iii. 124. *Damn'd*. Theobald's suggestion, which White adopted and retained in *Riverside*. The folio and *Cambridge*, *And*.

V. iii. 129. *aught*. Theobald's reading. The old copies, *ought*.

V. iii. 141. *Lucius, all hail!* *Rome's*, &c. The folio, *Lucius all hails to Romes*, &c.

V. iii. 154. *blood-stain'd*. So the last two folios. The quarto, *blood slaine*, and the first two folios, *bloud-slaine*.

V. iii. 191. *Emperor*. The first folio abbreviates, *Emp*.

V. iii. 192. *father's*. The old copies, as before, without apostrophe, *fathers*.

V. iii. 196. *mournful weeds*. After the folios. *Cambridge*, as often, after the first quarto, *mourning weeds*.

V. iii. 199. *beast-like*. So the folios. *Cambridge*, after the quartos, *beasted*.

V. iii. 202. *By*. The quarto reading. The folios, *From* (the second folio, *For*).

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